

Miscellaneous Tracts.

CONTAINING:

- I. A Narrative of the Misfortunes of the Author; with original Letters of pretended Friends, calculated to deceive and lead him to Ruin.
- II. A Letter to Dominick Trant, Esq. relative to his Pamphlet against the Munster Peasantry, and his unfortunate Duel with the late Sir John Colthurst, Bt.
- III. Observations on the Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet; in which the Doctrine of Tithes is candidly considered, and proved to be oppressive and impolitic: His Lordship's Fears for the Insecurity of the Established Church are also demonstrated to be groundless and visionary.
- IV. Extract of Theophilus's Letter to the Author;—his Intolerance and Cruelty pointed out; as also some of the dreadful Effects of Bigotry and Prejudice instanced.
- V. A Letter to Daniel O'Leary, Esq. relative to that unfortunate Victim to popular Prejudice, the Rev. Nicholas Sheehy; with an History of the Prosecution carried on against him, and the subsequent Visitations of Providence on those who spilled his Blood. In this Letter are likewise introduced some Observations on the political Conspiracies of England, particularly that of Titus Oates.
- VI. A second Letter, with further lights on that dark and bloody transaction.
- VII. A Letter to the Right Hon. John Beresford, relative to his cruel and unmerited treatment of the unhappy Author.
- VIII. A Letter to the VERY REVEREND John Westley, in which his LOVE-FEAST COTERIES are set forth in just colours.

"By the Eternal—the Divine Decree,

"TRUTH is deposited with MAN'S LAST HOUR;—

"An honest Hour and faithful to her Trust.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

By AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.

LATE SURVEYOR OF BELFAST, AND FORMERLY INSPECTOR GENERAL OF MUNSTER.

THE SECOND EDITION.

DUBLIN:

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MDCLXXXIX.

revised
Griffith

A D V E R T I S M E N T.

THE AUTHOR of the following Tracts, most respectfully returns his sincere thanks—as a small tribute of gratitude—to the gentlemen who patronized the former edition. To enumerate all those who promoted the sale would be a work of prolixity; but amongst those who distinguished themselves, he cannot help mentioning the worthy established bishops of Dublin, Cashel, Cloyne and Kildare, who oared above every idea of illiberality in assisting him. He is under many obligations, on the same account to Counsellors Dunn, O'Grady and Vavasor; as also to M. Bourke, Springfield; co. Tipperary, Esq. Surgeon Boulger; Mr. Cummins, Killcarry, co. Carlow; Mr. Ferrall, Hay-market; Francis Higgins, Esq. Mr. Henegan, Townsend-street; Mr. Henegan, Fleet-street; Mr. Wm. Lionel Jenkins, College-Green; Messrs. Robert and Simon Lacy, of Johnstown, co. Wexford; Mr. Molony, Castle-street; Mr. Murphy, Grafton-street; Ben. Thomas, Esq. Aungier-street, and to all the Free-brothers of CASTLE-KELLY. He again ventures to throw himself on their candor, and to solicit their countenance and protection anew, since the Marquis of Buckingham has thought proper to deny him the justice and retribution he demanded, and has left him on the rock where he had been cast by his merciless persecutors.

TO THE
HON. MRS. O'NEILL,
OF
SHANES CASTLE.

MADAM,

WITH the greatest gratitude and the most profound respect, I humbly take the liberty of dedicating the second edition of my Tracts to you:—The excellent, humane, and worthy Col. O'NEILL knows the truth of that part, relative to my unfortunate self; he is well convinced of the vile and treacherous treatment I received from the subtle agents of a base—a cruel and an infernal *aristocratic junto*:—Messrs P—k, and P—s, are characters that must ever be held out by me—in letters of resentment—

“I'll hunt the curst deceivers all their days,

“No hour shall bring the hated vermin ease.”

The

The time madam is now, I trust, approaching, when the *base faction* I allude to will be humbled to the dust, and when honorable men of independent principles, men of ancient families, and of known probity and worth, right honorable men, like your glorious husband, will have influence, power, and control:—Then, and not 'till then, will honest men find protectors and guardians.—Then may corrupt and *peculating knaves* expect to be dismissed from office, whilst the upright faithful officer may be sure of reward.

I madam was turned out of office and driven to despair, with my hapless family, for merely espousing the interest of a few country gentlemen at the last contested elections for the county of Down, and the towns of Lisburn and Carrickfergus, in opposition to people set up by a baneful aristocracy.—My collector the worthy Colonel Sharman of Moira-Castle, though a gentleman of the strictest honor, independent fortune and nicest principles, was himself turned out of office, for presuming to oppose Lord Herdford's interest in the *pot-wolloping* town of Lisburn; he, I am happy to think it, would have never held the office, were it not that he wished to serve an honest man who was his clerk:—But I alas! had nothing but my employment, which I held with honor to myself, and much advantage to the crown since I was seventeen years old, from the year 1763 to the unfortunate year

1785,

1785, when I was dismissed for no assigned cause in the world but what I have mentioned; and ever since, now four long tedious years, I have endeavoured to support my family by the sale of my effects, and by the labor of the brain, for I would turn myself to any thing for an honest livelyhood. I have written paragraphs and essays for newspapers, compiled magazines and almanacks, published pamphlets, and strained every nerve and sinew in an honest way for a precarious subsistence; but alas! I feel 'tis now all over with me, as I find my health daily declining, which will shortly bring me to that *bourne* from whence no traveller returns; —anxious however, before I quit this world to leave some tribute of gratitude behind me; —I take this liberty of publicly declaring the many obligations I lie under to the Right Honourable JOHN O'NEILL and Colonel SHARMAN, and to assure you madam that I am, with the utmost sincerity,

Your most obedient,

and grateful humble servant,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Clarendon-street, No. 23,
April 23, 1789.

P R E F A C E.

IT is perhaps much to be regretted, that the public are so easily led to adopt the opinions of writers in general, or at least to receive them with a degree of respect which, few, very few indeed are really entitled to. This is more peculiarly the case in these countries where we enjoy a mixed government, than in those merely monarchical, aristocratical or democratical. For here it generally happens, that party-spirit drowns the voice of reason; and the disposition of the writer alone, as opposing or coinciding with the popular desideratum, is all that is consulted, by his respective partizans, in weighing the justice and truth of his positions.

The following tracts originated in that idea, except the first which relates to myself. For hearing a party trumpet blow loud with the fame of the Bishop of Cloyne—hearing his Lordship extolled for his great *classical erudition, Ciceronian elegance of stile, piety and moderation*, but above all for his *zeal for the preservation of Protestantism*, I naturally began to turn over in my mind, how far he was entitled to such admiration; and having carefully perused his pamphlet, and considered the tendency of its influence on society, I reprobated it *in toto*, for the reasons assigned in my observations

servations on that unaccountable and extraordinary production. Many however have censured me for my interference ; but they did not reflect that there are subjects on which an honest man, capable of committing his sentiments to paper, cannot be silent without criminality.

I have lived more than forty years in this world, and there is no act of my life I look back on with more satisfaction than on my interference at that crisis. The venerable name of the Bishop of Cloyne stamped every line he wrote with such respectability, that without the least investigation, the pamphlet was deemed unanswerable. The gauntlet was thrown but no person could be found to take it up. Provoked at last by the *flummery* with which the bishop was bedaubed from top to toe, I entered the lists, and have the happiness to reflect, gave a data, as may be traced, to all those who followed me on the same side of the subject, who were inspired with courage and roused to exertion by my spirited example. So that in fine I proved "a friend in need" to my country and to humanity.

As to the other tracts, I may say I was led on to them, as a natural consequence of having undertaken the defence of my Roman Catholic brethren. I had the best opportunities, as Inspector General of Munster, of acquiring information — information which I give on my honour, as authentic.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

T H E Right Hon. the Earl of Donnegall. George Mc Cartney Portis Esq; Mr. Thomas Gregg. The late Mr. Allen Searson. John Pollock Esq; Attorney at Law. The late worthy John Wallace, Esq; Attorney at Law. The Right Hon. the Earl of Hillsborough. Lord Vicount Kilwarlin. The late Rev. Mr. Garnet. Baron Hamilton. Mr. Henry Joy. Mr. James Tisdal. Waddle Cunningham. Rev. Dean Dobbs. Right Hon. John Beresford. Doctor Achmet. Izakiel Davis Wilson. Esq; the Hon. Sergeant Hewitt. Gervas Parker Bushe Esq; Robert Ross Esq; John Slade Esq; Doctor Thompson. Mr. Arthur Bunton. Mr. Edward Smith, Mr. Lemmon. Rev. Mr. Bryson. Mr. Fowler, Mr. Sutton. The late Earl Wandesford. The late Lord Clifden. Sir James Lowther; the Family of the Ager's, Walshe's, Weymer's, Sheas, Radford's Jacob's, Wilson's and Roes.—Mr. Benjamin Edwards. Mr. John Magee, College-Green. Mr. William Magee, Belfast. John Brown Esq; Peter's-Hill. Mr. James Hyndeman. Col. Banks. Andrew Mc Nevan Esq; Major Brown. William Harrison. Sir James Bristow. Mrs. Ann Radford Mc Allister, Sister to the Author's Wife, and married to her cousin Germain. Edward Mc Allister, Usher's Quay. Benjamin Thomas Esq. of Aungier Street.

*Just published, by the Printers hereof,
The CANDOR and GOOD-NATURE of ENGLISHMEN exemplified.—In this excentric production the prejudices of the English against other nations, particularly Ireland, are shewed in the keenest strain of irony and satire.*

T H E
C A S E
OF THE UNFORTUNATE
AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

DUBLIN, May. 31, 1785.

“ The blackest ink of Fate was sure my lot,

“ And when she wrote my name she made a *blot*.”

YES, my dear friend, Amyas's misfortunes are progressive ;—a greater and a greater have succeeded, and they are now, *alás !* come to their *climax*—their *ne plus ultra* !—for “ My poverty can never crush me lower !”

I fear it is doom's day with me ; for absolutely I will not—cannot remain here, to drag out a wretched existence—half on this side—half on the other side of eternity.—Even yesterday, but for a glimpse of hope, I was near making my own *quietus*, and bidding the world an eternal adieu.—Heavens ! I shudder at the retrospect ! What dangerous remedies will a distracted mind suggest !

B

I shall

I shall now relate the particulars of my ill-fated life, from the time I was dismissed from the Inspector Generalship of Munster, and appointed Surveyor of Belfast. Doubtless you have had, prior to that epocha, many accounts of my transactions. Some true—some false; and yet upon the whole, the outlines tolerably authentic. However, I will myself, one time or other, give my entire story.

Upon my arrival there with my family, early in May, 1780, (from a province where I was adored by all degrees and ranks of people, and where every compliment, civility and respect, were paid to my wife and children) I took it into my head that *a particular class of people*, who should have been the first to pay us attention (being for the most part revenue officers and the agents and dependents of Lord D———) had treated me and my family with great disrespect, at one or two public places, the particulars of which I then gave to the world in different letters, published in the Dublin Evening Post; however in a year or so all these matters subsided. I founded with the assistance of a Mr. Steward, the first lodge in the universe in Belfast; the parties alluded to were for the most part freemasons; in consequence of which, and their dread of my further lashes, I grew exceedingly intimate with them. I thought they had repented of their ill treatment to me, and really for a time they pretended to make reparation; and I on my side, did all in my power to make myself agreeable to them, and useful to the

town in general. I was employed almost in every public work ; and particularly in reading over the Lagan Act of Parliament, and discovering that English malt liquors were as subject to the local tax as Irish, I enforced the same—which was absolutely a protecting duty to our Irish beer and ale, and which had been shamefully neglected for upwards of thirty years by all my predecessors; and this alone was sufficient (or should be so) to render me popular, and to gain me respect and friendship from every party. The common brewers of Dublin sent me several hogsheads of porter, as presents; and the brewers of Belfast a silver cup with the following elegant inscription—

“ Ob merita in regem,

“ Patriam, fiscum, civis, munusculum,

“ Hoc Amyæ Griffith, Armigero,

“ Dono dederunt Cervisiarii de Belfast,

“ Die 24 Junii annoque Dom. 1782.

[*The gift of the Brewers of Belfast to Amyas Griffith, Esq. for his impartial attention to the breweries of the town, the success of the Lagan Navigation, and the interest of the Revenue of Ireland.*]

—Mr. P—— also, Lord D———’s agent, told me at his own table, that his Lordship would himself give me a *proper cup of thanks*, (meaning a very handsome present) so soon as he was informed of the particular service I had been of to the Lagan Navigation, the breweries of his town, and the kingdom in general; and that he (Mr. P——)

would take special care to represent the matter to his Lordship, &c. &c. &c. And some months after, (Lord D. coming to the country) in order the more to ingratiate myself with his Lordship and his friends, I having a Dublin paper (the General Evening Post) at that time much at my disposal, for the first time turned *fool's parasite*, and trumpeted forth the perfections of his Lordship, at so great a rate, that I left him not a single foible or blemish on earth—no not even a hobby to get a stride upon. It was then resolved that the principal people of the town should in a body, with an able orator (the facetious Mr. G——g) at their head, wait on his Lordship, and pay him, their devoirs and respects; and I of course, as a gentleman and house-keeper, went with the croud. We were introduced in pairs, as we entered; and Mr. P——announced the names of every couple to his Lordship, but those of A——S—— and Amyas Griffith. Poor S—— lost the pleasure of an introduction by being in *bad company*, though he had a better right to that *honour* than half the people who went, being at that time an extensive brewer, and a great distiller—paying monthly to his Lordship's use between three and four hundred pounds.—O tempora! O mores!

After this Mr. P—— took every means in his power to prevent my having any interview with his Lordship; and at a ball which his Lordship gave to his tenants in general, he told me in answer to a letter he had received from me the preceding

ceding

ceding day, that he thought I arrogated too much to myself, in consequence of my duly enforcing the Lagan Act, asking me whether I did not think that he himself deserved some credit for that affair? and hinted that it was he had let me into the secret, and had explained to me the law. If so, I will beg leave to ask Mr. P——, why he did not give that information to the several surveyors before my time, not one of whom ever charged a gallon of English porter or beer with Lagan duty?—By what Mr. P—— insinuated at the ball, I clearly perceived that he had taken the whole merit of the transaction to himself; on which account it was that he kept me so far aloof; so that I might well exclaim with Virgil—*Sic vos, non vobis.*

But I will not take up your attention with a minute detail of those matters; suffice it to say, I was most cruelly treated by all the Lagan Board, and by every creature about Lord D——, which irritated me so exceedingly, that I was determined at the hazard of my life, and all I was worth to oppose Lord D. and his emissaries in every thing they took in hands; and so I really did from that day forth; but more particularly at the Carrickfergus election in January, 1784, when I first offered myself a candidate to represent that corporation in Parliament; which no other person would have done had I not stirred up the coals. However I resigned in favour of Mr. Cunningham,—canvassed for him, and used every exertion in my power for the independent interest, in the support of which, in
chaise

chaife hire, (for I had one by the week, decorated with emblematical devices, expreffive of the caufe I had embarked in—as *Aristocracy in the Suds—The Eleven Headed Monster flain, &c. &c.*) advertisements, fubfcriptions, travelling expences, treats, &c. I had expended a great deal more than I could bear. But a fellow fo fired with the feeds of reſentment and patriotiſm, as I then was, had ample recompence by my friend Waddle's being returned, one of the members to repreſent that antient and loyal corporation in Parliament; and he accordingly took his feat: but, alas! all earthly happineſs is but of ſhort duration. A petition was preferred againſt him, and againſt the whole Conſtitution Club of Liſburn, of which I was a member; in purſuance of which, on account of our interference at the election, we were all ſummoned up to appear before a committee of the Houſe of Commons, in April, 1784. But the Houſe at that time being ſo thin, as to render it impoſſible for a committee of fifteen to be ſtruck, purſuant to the act of parliament, the hearing of the petition was adjourned till the Auguſt following; which my party conceived as adjourning *ſine die*, as we knew that the Parliament were not to meet in Auguſt. After the adjournment of the hearing of the petition, Mr. J—— P——, an attorney, and agent to the lordly party, paid me frequent viſits. He was a member of the Orange Lodge, of which as I ſaid before, I was the founder and Paſt-maſter, and pretended much diſinterreſted friendſhip for me. He, in the preſence of a Mr. W——, another attorney,

attorney, highly reprobated my late proceedings, and told me that were it not for the interference of the good Lord H——, I would *bona fide* have been dismissed; that however, if I altered my mode of acting, and quit the damned party (as he was pleased to call them), that I then was of, he had hopes that I would have something handsome done for me; he also wished that I would withdraw myself from the Constitution Club, and publish as reasons for so doing, “that they were growing turbulent, licentious and dangerous, &c.” But I treated his proposal with just contempt, and told him with a proper steadiness, “that if the Chief Commissioner’s place was offered me, for subscribing to such a paper, and the gallows the consequence of my refusal, that I would prefer the latter, sooner than render myself so execrable a villain; but at the same time I told him, that to oblige and please Lord H——, (whom by what he said, I lay under so many obligations to) I would no longer attend the meetings of that club—that I would withdraw myself by degrees from the Independent interest—that I would in future have nothing to do with politics, nor ever write on either side of the question; and that I would alone mind and attach myself to the business of my profession—*and do my duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call me.*”

On the 24th of June following, the Earl of H. dined at the Orange Lodge, and in the evening I had a long conversation with Lord K——, who
also

also seemed much hurt at my former conduct, declaring that I must inevitably be dismissed or removed, for that I had acted like a madman.

I confessed to his Lordship that I had behaved hitherto very inconsistently ; but that my subsequent conduct should make ample attonement for what was past ;—that I had no antipathy to government, my whole family having been in the service of his Majesty ; my grandfather by my mother, was a major in the army ; my father's father, secretary to the commissioners of the revenue, and my father himself a surveyor ; that what I had done was partly in opposition to some of the commissioners of the revenue, who had used me most basely in many instances, but particularly in depriving me of my inspector generalship for no manner of cause, in which department I had acted so honourably as to acquire the thanks and applause of all parties, at the same time that I advanced his Majesty's revenues in Munster upwards of one hundred thousand pounds a year ; and partly in opposition to Lord D——'s party ; relating to his Lordship their cruel behaviour, and the ungrateful and ungenerous return I had met with in that quarter for my services. I solemnly declared, however, that I would turn over a new leaf, and that he should never have further cause to complain of me ; and referred him to Mr. P——, who would (as I imagined) corroborate what I then said, as he was well acquainted with my resolution, on this head, for two or three months before.

Immediately

Immediately after this, (to turn as I hoped the impending ruin from me, and avert destruction from myself and innocent family——being also warned of approaching danger by a message delivered me by the Rev. Mr. G——tt, from Baron H———,) I commenced rather court writer, and dashed away a little at the poor Roman Catholics, by which means I drew upon myself the vengeance of all the country papers, except one or two, the proprietors of which knew me too well to think me capable of changing, or having an illiberal heart, except by outward shew, to save me and mine from destruction. The Volunteers Journal, the Hibernian Journal, &c. came open-mouthed upon me, and gave me, to use a slang term in the Parker stile, *great goose*. In short, I got myself completely abused, and thought thereby I had weathered out the storm, and that I was once again safe moored and in harbour.

And now too I received a letter from London, from my *worthy friend*, P——, dated from Duke-street, St. James's, 21st of August, 1784, of which the following is a literal copy :—

S I R,

“I was unwilling to commit myself to you, for any specific positive stipulation, till I had a certainty of being able to fulfil my intentions. I will not trust to this paper some occurrences in which you are interested; and in which I have had some share. Suffice it to say for the present, that the

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confidence

confidence which you voluntarily reposed in me, when last I saw you in Belfast, has not been abused, and that towards the end of next month I shall, in person, demonstrate that you did not do wrong, by opening your mind to me.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
and very humble servant,

J. P——."

"To Amyas Griffith, Esq. Belfast."

Very shortly after I had the honor of receiving the foregoing, Mr. P—— came to my house, and told me, that he had been speaking to Lord D. about me, who was heartily sorry for any flights I had received in his town, from any of his people, and that, as his Lordship had no government or ministerial interest, it was his intention to give me a house rent free, to set me up in a noble printing office, establish a newspaper for me, give me plenty of cash to carry it on, and that I could manage all that, and keep my present employment. Nay, Mr. P—— went further, for he commissioned me to agree for the purchase of the news-letter, or Mercury, and that the money should be forthcoming. Mr J——, you may judge, I never applied to; and upon Mr. T——'s asking 2000l. for the Mercury, Mr. P—— thought it better to purchase every thing new, and I coincided with him, as I knew that I could set up a newspaper for 200l. or less.

After

After this I had frequent interviews with Mr. P. in one of which he told me that the petition would absolutely go on, and that I must unavoidably attend, as I would be a material witness. I entreated him to overlook me, as I could be of no manner of use to his cause; and observed to him that my attendance might prove my destruction, as I apprehended whatever I had to say might prove injurious to myself, and to no other person under heaven. I declared this to him as a FREE-MASON; and conjured him by every tie on earth, not to have me called upon. He then asked me if I did not serve Mr. C. with every influence I could make use of, not only as a private gentleman, but as a *surveyor of excise*? I answered that whether I had or had not, I was not obliged to answer a question which so manifestly militated against myself—nor would I: for the consequence of my doing so would be, my immediate dismissal from my employment; which was better than 4col. per annum, to me; and the only support I had for my poor family.—Mr. P. then (laughing at my apprehensions) assured me, that if I did not answer such questions as should be put to me, without embarrassment, hesitation, or, *taking shelter under the clemency of the laws*, I would undoubtedly be turned out of my employment, without any further ceremony; exclusive of which, my stiffness in shrouding myself under the protection of the laws, which he owned did not oblige me to answer questions tending to criminate myself, would be of no avail, for that he would have an evidence ready to prove all against me. He also said that I was an active agent for Mr. C. and

that 'so was every member of the Constitution Club. I told him that I did not look upon myself to be the agent of a man who never employed me, paid me, or commissioned me to do any thing for him. He then asked me, did I not act for him? I told him that I had acted for him in a voluntary manner, from my own free option; but that still I was not casuist enough to bring myself to think, that I was *his agent*. He requested, for my own sake, that I would weigh the matters we had conversed upon well; that he only wanted me to swear *the truth*; for his part, he considered that every man who served another, was *a sort of an agent* to the man he served;—that he himself could swear that he was my agent, as he was striving to serve me; but that I myself was the most competent judge of my own ideas, as well as of my conscience. At this meeting he also told me, that as I was positively to be a witness, Lord D. thought it better to defer establishing me in the printing business, until the trial of the petition should be over; and that then I might rely on, not only having that, but something vastly superior done for me; concluding with these remarkable words—"he believed that every thing happened for the better in this best of all possible worlds;—that there was a tide in the affairs of men, and that if it was not my own fault, my fortune and that of my children were already made; but that if I refused giving a candid and fair testimony, before a committee of the House of Commons, nothing but ruin and destruction awaited me and mine." So shaking me affectionately by the hand, he bid me farewell.

After

After this I had several conferences with Mr. P. upon this subject; and one particularly in Dublin, immediately previous to the trial, in the presence of the Rev. Dean D——, when I consented to answer every question that should be asked me, to the best of my judgment; but utterly denied myself to be the AGENT of Waddell Cunningham; declaring that I would not swear such a matter to be put in possession of Lord D——'s estate.—However the *pious* Dean thought I might safely swear it, and would have given me *absolution* with all his heart.

At last the time of trial came, and I was summoned early in February 1785, to attend a committee of the House of Commons; and accordingly on the 16th of the same month, I was the first evidence examined, when I unfortunately confessed, that I had used every exertion in my power in favour of Mr. Cunningham, “not only as a private gentleman, but as a REVENUE OFFICER.” At the same time I declared, that what I had done in that cause proceeded from caprice and whim, and not by any desire of Mr. C. I also declared that whatever I did was voluntarily;—that I never had been privy to any bribery or corruption;—that I had proposed myself as a candidate, and had afterwards resigned in favour of Mr. C. and that I had likewise sent my private portable printing press to Carrickfergus, in order to publish squibs, black and red lists, &c. against the lordly party;

party; and that, for the most part I conducted it myself, &c. &c.

After my examination was closed I left town as soon as possible, without even so much as calling for my expences; for I did not chuse to put either party to any cost or trouble—as notwithstanding the assurances of Mr. P. I was apprehensive that the catastrophe might prove dangerous to me, and that I stood but upon a sandy bottom. I therefore left Dublin the 20th of February, and as I posted it down in a chaise and four, dined with my family on the next day; and was informed shortly after my arrival, that on the very day subsequent to that of my examination, the Right Hon. Mr. B——d was heard to say, “by Heaven I should not remain on the revenue establishment another week.” Mr. B——d’s *Fides Acates* upon that memorable occasion, I was told, was the celebrated Doctor A——, the sham Turk, of the Whitehouse, who took great pleasure in shewing the world his intimacy with that Right Hon. gentleman, by promulgating his confidential *chit-chat*. However, I cannot avoid remarking here, that tho’ Mr. B——d had me dismissed for giving A JUST AND CLEAR TESTIMONY, and for refusing to swear falsehoods, yet I have known him to continue gentlemen on the revenue books, after they had been convicted of committing the greatest and most atrocious of frauds. But, alas! they were men of interest—both freeholders and freemen, who always voted for Mr. B. and his connections.

I am

I am now really tired, and so I am sure must you. I shall therefore postpone the remainder of this narrative until next post, and in the course of this month you shall have the entire.

Adieu then—and that every species of bliss may attend you and yours, is the fervent wish of your

ever faithful and affectionate,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dear Sir,

ABOUT the beginning of March last, the Committee, (before whom the Carrickfergus petition was tried) declared Mr. C—— not duly elected represent the county of the town of Carrickfergus in parliament, and accordingly a new writ was issued for another election, and J—— D—— W——, Esq. was started against Mr. C——— by the

the lordly party.—Towards the middle of the same month, Mr. P—— favoured me with a visit, when I informed him of all the reports that had been spread abroad relative to my dismissal; I told him that I had taken the liberty of writing to Lord H—— in consequence thereof, and that I had also written to him, but that he had not been kind enough to take any notice of my letter, which greatly embarrassed me, as he knew if I was ruined, he was the only cause.—Mr. P—— on this, took me by the hand, laughed heartily at my seriousness, excused himself for not answering my letter, and assured me that I had nothing to apprehend from such idle reports; and that I stood a much better chance for promotion than dismissal:—He then informed me, that Lord K—— and the Hon. Mr. H—— expected my attendance and support at the election of Carrickfergus in favour of their friend Mr. W——, and hoped that I'd have no objection to lend them my printing press and apparatus, and procure for them a proper person to conduct it. Here was a blow I was not aware of; it came unexpectedly, and was like a dagger to my heart: Good God! what were my feelings at that moment? It is impossible to describe them; I was in a worse situation than if I had been impaled alive:—

“ I'd that within which baffled human art,

“ A burning fever,—and a broken heart.”

However, I got as collected as I could,—and awkwardly excused myself from going to Carrickfergus,

gus, pretending the urgency of my presence in Belfast the better to support the new malt and tobacco taxes, which would take place just at the commencement of the election; on which account my presence could not be dispensed with, but that every assistance in my power (save my going down in person) my Lord K—— and Mr. H—— might command.—On this, Mr. P—— took leave of me, and I walked down to you my dear friend, where I “unfluiced my o’erburthen’d heart”—and gave vent to floods of tears;—On my telling you my story, you advised me by all means to comply with as good a grace as I possibly could, with all their desires, as did all those who seemed then to be my friends, whom I consulted upon the occasion;—On the 25th of March, I received (late at night, by express from Carrickfergus) the following letter.

C. F. Thursday Evening.

Dear GRIFFITH,

WE are in the utmost distress for a printing press, and a person to conduct it.—Send us your’s I beg of you, and some person whom you can confide in, to manage it.—If you can come here yourself to-morrow, and talk to the people *you know*, it will be a great service to us;—let me have your answer on both these subjects by the return of the express.

Your’s,

J.—— P——:

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In answer to the above, I desired Mr. P—— to send a car the next morning for the printing apparatus (which consisted of six cases of letter, a press, &c. &c.) and that he should have them with pleasure, but declined going myself, and said, “that I would send a confidential printer or two out to them to conduct the press.”——The next day I received a letter from the gauger of Carrickfergus, informing me that Mr. H—— begged that I would not by any means omit being there all the ensuing week.—Torn to pieces as I was between my honour and my interest, I was almost mad, and often called upon the Almighty for a release from all my troubles:—I however wrote again by the gauger’s messenger to Mr. P——, requesting that he would send up a car and horse for the press and cases of letter, which he did; and I sent them with proper persons (people of no principle you may be sure) to superintend the matter for them.—And on Sunday the 27th of March, I flung myself into my chaise more dead than alive, and was drove to Carrickfergus, where I met all the party, who were extremely glad to see me, especially Mr. P——, who requested that I would use every exertion in my power for Mr. W——, and told me, that, provided I was active that day in their cause, my attendance would be excused in future.

I accordingly (with down-cast eyes, and the looks of a thief going to the gallows) went
through

through most of the town, and, with faltering accents and tears in my eyes, (like a *blubbing child*, obliged to kiss the rod that smarted him) requested some votes for Mr. W——; but, my very countenance and manner betrayed me; and the people I addressed were well convinced, that I did not wish them to comply with my desires. This, then, however, seemed to please the lordly party; and late that night, I returned home with a disturbed mind, and almost broken heart: Oh! my God! my God! what a refinement was here upon calamity? For the very day that I was *infamously engaged in the detestable task*, I was no officer under the crown, having been dismissed from the 25th in the following words, or *tantamount*; which my employers knew but too—too well,—but 'twas a *manœuvre* to render me infamous with the people of Belfast.

S I R,

THE Board of Commissioners having read over the minutes taken before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the trial of the Carrickfergus petition, and it appearing to them from the depositions of Amyas Griffith, Surveyor of Excise in your district, that he is a very improper person to serve in any office in the revenue:—They therefore dismiss the said Amyas Griffith, and appoint John Sutton, eldest Assistant Examiner,

ner, to succeed him. Sutton's salary to commence from the 25th instant.

Signed by Order,

VAUGHAN MONTGOMERY.

To ROBERT KYLE, Esq.

Collector of *Lisburn*.

I did not hear of this *brain-blow* until Saturday the 3d of April,—when, almighty God! what were my feelings?—very near three hundred pounds in debt, robbed of my employment worth above four hundred pounds a year, for no cause on earth but being an honest man. My once real friends, perhaps, exasperated at my late conduct in deserting their cause, and flying to the standard of venality:—No prospect open, and nothing to look forward to;—but, ah! cruel thought—the grave:—In one corner of the room, I saw my weeping daughter! the very monument of woe!—My poor wife! in another, wild with distraction!—My son, (unhappy boy) the statue of gloomy despair:—Myself deprived of every ray of hope—with a mind tortured even to madness—sometimes looking at my disconsolate family—and sometimes at my pistols, anxious to hasten out of an *ungrateful world*—in which I had experienced nothing from the hour of my birth, but disappointment and distress:—But why need I complain? “Ingratitude’s the growth of every soil.”—On the 3d of April, I rode to Carrickfergus, waited on Lord K——

who

who was still there, and informed him of my unhappy situation, and his Lordship promised, upon his honour, that he would do all he could for me; I also wrote to Lord H——, to the Hon. Mr. H——, the Board of Commissioners, Mr. B ——, (one of the Commissioners, who was my very near relation, and from whom I received a very unsatisfactory answer, not worth troubling you with) colonel R——, &c. And I had also a long conversation with Mr. P——, who did not know how to account for the unexpected event; (as he called it) but begged that I might not despair,—that I might pluck up my spirits, assuring me that a more advantageous place would be bestowed upon me; at the same time telling me, that he really held himself accountable to me for a better employment than I had lost, or, at least, an equivalent.—This, in some measure, calmed my much agitated mind. I also found, that my worthy creditors (whom Heaven bless) were so humane as not to attempt distressing me or even soliciting me for money; nay, I found that the town in general were inclined to serve me, by setting me up in some business immediately, if nothing could be done for me by the court party:—The public prints had also got hold of my Story, — and spoke very handsomely of me; and rather indifferently of my cruel enemies, and persecutors; in short, every paper was full of my unfortunate tale, and all that time I had every three or four days a letter from Mr. P——. The following take as a specimen.

Dear

Dear GRIFFITH,

BELIEVE me I did not require the truly melancholy and distressing picture which your letter of this day presented to me, in order to excite my endeavours for your service; I assure you Government has been some days ago applied to on your behalf by very able and powerful men, and I have every appearance that a very short time will place you in a better situation than the one you have lost. Rely upon it, I will leave no opportunity nor occasion to press your claim, and I beg you to believe me perfectly in earnest when I assure you, that I have the strongest ground to hope, that what has happened will be amply recompensed to you. I'll write to you the first moment any thing decisive is done, and believe me,

Your sincere friend,

Dublin, 18th April, 1785.

J. P——.

Dear GRIFFITH,

KEEP up your spirits. I have good reason to hope the loss of your commission will be fully made up to you. You shall hear from me the first moment I can write more particularly.

Yours,

Dublin, 23d April, 1785.

J. P——.

Exclusive

Exclusive of the two last, I had many others from Mr. P——; in one he assured me, that three of the first men in the nation had applied to Government in my favour,—that every thing was *in train* to serve me; and that I might rest perfectly secure: At last, on Friday, the 29th of April I received a letter, which was as follows.

Dear GRIFFITH,

I HAVE, by this night's packet, sent a special express to London, in order to have your commission, as Barrack Master of Belfast, signed. The return of the express will, I hope, redress the blow you have lately received.—You shall not fall by G--d, if I can help it.

Your's,

Dublin, 27th April, 1785:

J. P——.

The day after receiving the foregoing I saw the following paragraph in the Dublin Evening Post, which (I have since learned) was put in by Mr. P——.

“ 'Tis circulated through the city, that *poor*
 “ *Amyas Griffith*, Esq; is appointed *Barrack Master*
 “ of Belfast, Carrickfergus, &c. &c. We hear
 “ he is indebted for this piece of good fortune,
 “ to the humanity of Lord Hillsborough.”

On the Sunday following, I. E. the 1st of May, I was favoured with the following letter from

from Col. R—— in corroboration of what Mr. P. had informed me of, and in answer to a letter of mine, intreating him as a *Friendly Brother*, and a *Freemason*, to let me know what I was to expect.

Custom House, Dublin, April 29th, 1785.

SIR,

I THIS day received your favour of the 27th. Mr. P. immediately called on me after reading your letter; I therefore, shewed it to him, and he acquaints me, that he wrote you a letter on Wednesday, which you will have received this morning, and which makes my saying more than acknowledging the receipt of your favour unnecessary.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
humble servant.

AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.

R. R——.

Belfast.

Exclusive of the foregoing assurances, Mr. S——, Lord H——'s agent, regretted at an excise office in Lisburn, his remissness in not informing me, of my appointment of Barrack Master, when he met me in Belfast; and told the company that Lord H. had written him word of it. Mr. P. also mentioned my appointment to all his Northern acquaintances, with great pleasure. Doctor T—— assured me that the Lord Lieutenant had appointed me, and that the delay in not receiving the commission proceeded from some negligence at

the

the other side the water: and no later than last week, my Lord H. on mentioning the following little poem that I had written, pouring out the effusions of a grateful heart to him, (which was published in all the English papers) modestly said, that "I had over-rated his services, as he had only thrown in his mite among many friends, in obtaining the little place of Barrack Master of Carrickfergus for me."

Oh! Melibæi, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

WHEN ills accurs'd with dire accumulation,
 Made me the veriest wretch of the creation,
 When poverty with all her woeful suite,
 Paid me a visit with an hideous greet,
 When hope was fled and black despair ensu'd,
 And just my hands with my own blood imbru'd,
 Then God-like H—— his *fiat* gave,
 Dispell'd my griefs and smiling bad me live;
 Gave comfort to a *Daughter, Wife and Son*,
 Who but for him were utterly undone!
 Oh! may no sorrow ever reach his breast,
 Who glories in relieving the distress!
 May length of years, with peace, and health,
 and honor,
 Reward my generous patron and my donor,
 Whilst it shall be the glory of my days,
 To pay him duty and to give him praise.

I have also received many letters of congratulation from different parts of the kingdom, full of the praises of the *great and good* Lord H. who,

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from

from the above little poem, was considered to be my patron, friend and preserver. The following among many scores, from different parts of Ireland and England, I send you:—

My dear friend,

I AM happy beyond expression at your late change of fortune, and be assured you have not a friend feels it more sincerely than I do. Your noble protector has a thousand blessings showered on his head for the God-like action---even my little girl I have taught to lisp his name with praise;---May he never experience one unhappy moment: Heavens! what it is to do a great and good action for such a character as you:---May every blessing attend you, Mrs. Griffith, Maria, and your son, are the sincere wishes of a heart that is

your's most affectionately,

LETITIA YOUNG.

Tuam, June 1st, 1785.

To AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq;
Belfast.

I had forgot to inform you, that the Members of the Orange Lodge proposed sending a deputation of three brethren to wait on Lord H—— the day after I was dismissed, with a proper memorial, praying him to have me restored; and enumerating my good services, &c. &c. However, the master (who succeeded myself in that station, and obtained it through me) objected to the memorial, and said, that he himself would

would carry a paper of his own dictating from the Lodge, but that if any other persons went, he would have nothing to do in the matter; and accordingly go he did, and brought home some ambiguous answer, that none of us could make head or tale of: However, all these concurring circumstances leave me no doubt of being appointed:—And yet, the commission is a long while returning:—’Twas five tedious weeks last Wednesday since it was forwarded by *special Expresses* to London:—Surely these *special Expresses* don’t travel post:—I am now totally destitute:—My independent friends having resigned me to my fate and the lordly interest:—And yourself, and one or two other friends only, have, as yet, furnished me with the means of a scanty subsistence, which *this day* has seen exhausted;—for I may now truly say with JAFFIER,

“ *I am not worth a ducat in the world.*”

At this very period all my neighbours are joyfully preparing for the reception of Mrs. Siddons, from whom no doubt they expect, and will receive the most superlative and exquisite of treats——whilst I and my most deplorable house are sunk,

“ *Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.*”

But, whilst above the earth, believe me to be
your ever faithful, affectionate,
and grateful

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

BELFAST, June 3, 1785.

E 2

LETTER

L E T T E R I I I .

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

O H! horrid!--horrid!--horrid!--'tis all over with me,—I am now the veriest wretch that ever crawled the earth; Oh! God of Heaven! take pity upon a poor man, who (whilst he had it) felt for all your creatures in distress. This day I received the following letter from my *good*, or *evil Genius*, Mr P——.

DEAR GRIFFITH,

I DO not wonder at your uneasiness, and I am happy to be able to explain to you the reason of the delay in your business. When I wrote to you that an express was sent to England with your commission, I told you the fact. Some gentlemen, however, being in London at the time the vacancy happened, my Lord D——asked them to point out a proper person for the place, and they named Mr. B——; his appointment therefore left London before your recommendation arrived. I had notice of Mr. B——'s appointment coming to the castle, and therefore, found means of stopping it, till my Lord D——'s further pleasure was known, and a letter went off immediately to his Lordship to request he would change the name. To this, an answer has not yet reached us, but is daily expected. In this matter,

matter, I have done every thing man could do for you, and I'll continue to exert every possible endeavour till you are reimbursed for your loss. Believe me, therefore, sincerely

Your's,

Dublin, 7th June, 1785.

J. P——.

TO AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.

“ *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

“ All's lost—and, in the shipwreck of my fortunes, one only jewel have I saved,—my HONOR.”——Thus are all my *golden dreams* vanished, and after having been kept six weary weeks in agonizing suspense, I am at length given to understand, in the genteelest terms, that *I am circumvented!*—And that, A——r B——n, Esq. the intimate friend of, Lord D———'s agent, (the gentleman to whom I am already under so many obligations) was really appointed Barrack Master of Belfast, Carrickfergus, &c. &c.—Oh! my poor heart! why don't you burst in pieces? But, I'll try and calm my perturbed spirits, if possible. To add to my misery, this morning, when I received this most unpleasant intimation, I had not a shilling in the world, and on my applying to one or two for the loan of a guinea, I was cruelly refused; and that by people, in whose pockets I had been the means of putting hundreds.

But God's will be done—I have, perhaps, committed crimes, that require those excruciating punishments.

nishments!—and yet, was I guilty of *murder*,—*treason*,—*robbery*,—or the most heinous of offences, if penance can *expiate crimes*, *mine should be done away* : For I have suffered the tortures of the damned ; and have been on THE WHEEL these three months.—As for gratitude, I believe 'tis flown with *Astrea* from the Earth ; for, the very people whom I have most served, take the least notice of me :—Some, who have mounted on my shoulders to honours and reputation, trouble not their heads about me. My quondam officers, (save Messrs. S—— and L——, who are grateful kind people) pass me by cavalierly, without giving me even the time of the day.—The Merchants in the general, know me not :—And as for Mr. C——, (the gentleman whom I lost my all by) if he met me in the street, he would not speak to me,—nor can I blame him ; I now would prove but a *shabby acquaintance*—a *most thread-bare one* indeed ! for I have scarce a coat to my back, at least that I can wear ;—I have four or five laced suits, but, alas ! they are too fine for a wretch like me, who was last night looked upon by many with *jaundiced eyes*, because I had the impudence to go to the play, where the Company, i. e. the players, forced me, to see Mrs. Siddons in the character of *Zara*.—Heavens ! I, who never frequented (prior to that night) any part of the house but the boxes ! But I can only say—FUIMUS——for now I am nothing more than an *outcast wretch*, deserted by all the world but yourself and two or three others :—Oh ! how true

true are my late dear friend, Counsellor SPRING's lines : How beautifully expressive !

" When Fortune is smiling, what crowds will
appear

" Their kindness to offer,—and friendship sincere;

" But change but the prospect, and point out
distress,

" No longer to court you they'll eagerly press."

But, why need I tire your patience, or hurt
your feelings, by dwelling on my calamities?
Suffice it to say, that the measure of my woes
is full;—and that all that remains for me, are,
distraction !—fury !—sorrow !—shame !—and
death !——

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, June 9th, 1785.

L E T T E R IV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

LAST Saturday, I read a most affecting description of the situation of me and my family in the Dublin Evening Post. May God, of his infinite mercy, bless the proprietor, who has ever been my friend ; indeed, his paper is the

the only one that takes notice of the *miserable Amyas* !—to you and him I owe more than to any two persons upon earth.—But to my story.—Last Thursday Mr. P——s met me by chance in the street, and begged that I would give him a call the next day, and bring with me Mr. C—— and Mr. B——. I told him, that if I could see Mr. B—— I would bring him with me ; but, that I could not flatter myself with having the smallest influence over Mr. C——, and that if he wished to see him, he had better send a servant for him while I was there ; and accordingly, (on the next morning) I waited on Mr. P——s, who immediately dispatched messengers for Messrs. C—— and B—— ; and Mr. C—— in consequence attended. After we had been some time in the room, he asked me if I had not mentioned to some of my friends, that I blamed him for the loss of the Barrack Master's place ? I told him that I could not recollect my mentioning the matter to any person, having then very few *confidential friends* : But that till yesterday, (when I heard otherwise) I really thought I was indebted to him for the total ruin of me and mine : That my reasons for believing so were obvious ; that he (Mr. P——s) had no right to be my friend ; that our dispositions and opinions had ever been so opposite, I could not expect any service from him, nor did I deserve any ; that I knew Mr. B—— to be his most intimate friend, and that besides I had been often told, during my suspense, that he never gave into my being appointed Barrack Master ;

that

and that, for these causes, I did imagine, that he had been the *kind brother* who had circumvented me; but that then I had assurances to the contrary. Upon which, Mr. P——s intreated me to give my opinion of that matter under my hand; and accordingly I wrote the following words:

“ I am well convinced that Mr. P——s had neither hand, act or part, in depriving me of the
“ Barrack Master’s place, in case I have lost it.

JUNE 17th, 1785.

“ AMYAS GRIFFITH.”

—When I reached it to him, he seemed well pleased; and smiling, (*for he can smile—and smile*)——said, it was as good as a folio, wished me a good day, and promised that he would unite his small interest with my other friends, in order to get me something equivalent to what I had lost; he also confessed to me (after he had my certificate in his pocket) that Lord D—— had written to him for Mr. B——’s *political character*, and that he had given him an extreme good one; but that he never had injured me——, and that he would serve me if in his power. However, I found no great comfort from his promises, and left him with a heavy heart; and in great amazement, to think what could be the cause of his desiring so poor a wretch as I then was, to sign a certificate, importing, “ *That he was not an in-*

human villain;" for such he undoubtedly would have been, had he been base enough to have gone between the miserable—and a scanty subsistence. After leaving Mr. P——s, I met Doctor T——n of Hillsborough, and a Mr. F——r, who both assured me, that the commission had been returned, and that they were sure I still *wou'd be the man*. They also pressed me to dine with them, which I consented to; and in the evening feasted myself with a luxury of woe, in seeing the inimitable Siddons debute Isabella in the Fatal Marriage. And here I must premise to you, that I, who am not worth a fous on earth, would be truly infamous, did I throw away six shillings in any amusement that this life could afford;—No!—no!—'Twas the generous sharers of the Company, who gratefully remembered past services, and obliged me to accept of seven box tickets for the seven nights of her performance; and would have paid the like compliment to Mrs. Griffith, &c. were they disposed to accept of favours of the kind, or to attend any public amusements in their unhappy situation. But, for my own part, I might as well weep at *Isabella's* and *Byron's* misfortunes as my own; and they, alas! are more than I am able to support. I am now languid,—heavy,—joyless,—melancholy;—have a total loss of appetite and rest; and (gracious God be praised) am hourly drawing nearer—and nearer to eternal rest. Oh! what must be the situation of that mind, whose only wish is death!

—imme-

—immediate death! Adieu, and believe me,
that I will be in the last agonies,

Your's,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, June 26th, 1785.

L E T T E R V.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

ON the 24th ult. (being St. John's day) the ORANGE LODGE marched in procession to church, where they heard a charity sermon; and from thence returned to the Donnegal Arms and dined; the Right Hon. the Earl of Hillsborough, and the Right Hon. John O'Neill were of the party; the entertainment was most superb,—turtle, and every thing that the season could produce, with Champaign, Burgundy, Tokay, and all sorts of wines. Many of my friends were in hopes that I could then have an opportunity of speaking to his lordship: But, alas! I might as well think of making an ascent to Heaven in an air baloon,—such a multitude of expectants flocked about his Lordship, and seizing (if I may be allowed the expression) upon his person, entirely prevented the modest approaches of the timid and unfortunate. About an hour before dinner, know-

ing that his lordship was to sit on the right hand of the Master, about a dozen persons, consisting of clergymen and revenue and military officers, took possession of that quarter, and kept their seats, just like people in a gallery, who go early, in order to take their places in a front row, to have the better view of a favourite performer. The Right Hon. John O'Neill sat on the Master's left hand; and he, tho' a most agreeable companion, and a great and good man, I had entirely to myself: Had he been a *courtier*, you may be sure I would not have been indulged with such a luxury. But, Mr. O'Neill is an honest *country gentleman*, who, by opposing government, had it not in his power to do for any person. About nine o'clock, my Lord H——— withdrew, and returned home without my having an opportunity of speaking a word to him, and he never took the smallest notice of me, though before that, he was always very complaisant to me, and always paid me particular attention. As soon as his Lordship left the Lodge, I returned home to my *poor family*, with an aching heart, and spent a sleepless night. The next morning, I wrote again to my friend P——, painting to him my deplorable situation, and accusing him of being the *sole cause*; and yesterday I received the following answer:

Dear GRIFFITH,

I MOST sincerely sympathize with you, and feel sensibly the misfortune of your situation. I
can

can only say, that no man could exert himself more than I have done, and though, as yet, I have failed in my endeavours, I desire you not to despair. You have friends, and *powerful ones*; don't suffer appearances to make you think otherwise; but bear the present moment with firmness. I know, of my own positive knowledge, that your name is taken down in the secretary's book. Be the event what it may, I feel myself, and request you to believe, that I am

sincerely your's,

Dublin, 29th June, 1785.

J. P——.

Here my hopes are once more revived: And if I can believe *the above*, I may yet be happy. but how exist to see it accomplished? For, were it not for you and half a dozen other friends, my family and I might have perished through actual want!—Oh! may none of my friends experience my present misery; and may such as have served me, or have wished to serve me, never feel one foul corroding care.—

I this day dine at the Excise Office, by the invitation of Mr. S——, the gentleman who succeeded me, (who is a worthy good fellow) and one or two of the officers, Messrs. L—— and S——, who never deserted me. Indeed, you may judge I go with an aching heart, to be treated at the place where I formerly presided. This is the third elimosinery office dinner I have accepted of
from

from these gentlemen since my dismissal; indeed, they would take no sort of excuse: 'Tis just four o'clock, so, must conclude, by assuring you, that I am, in every form and mode of speech,

Your obliged and grateful,
humble servant,

Belfast, July 4th. 1785.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R VI.

To Mr. J— M—, C—e G—n, *Dublin,*

S I R,

BY yesterday's post I sent you two packets; and by to-morrow's you will receive two more, which contain the particulars of my unhappy case, in letters addressed to your brother William. For God's sake, my dear friend, when you have perused them, give me your real advice. —To live! I cannot;—and to let Mr. P.— live!—I should not.—I commit these letters to your care, confiding in your friendship, and relying on your humanity, to have them properly published, in case you hear of my death; or, that my hopes are entirely frustrated.

Is it not strange, Sir, that a man, with some share of abilities, and nearly allied to the W-nd-sf-rd family, to Lord Cl-ffd-n, to G——fs P——r B——e, to Sir J——s L——r, of Whitehaven; to all the Ag-rs, W-lhs, [W-m-s, and Sh—s of the county of Kilkenny; and related (by marriage) to all the R-df—ds, J—bs, W——s, Ro-s, &c. &c. of the county of Wexford, should want a common subsistence for himself and family? especially, as in all my life, I never committed a deed unbecoming the gentleman, or that I could reproach myself for: And yet, with all these great connections, and a blameless character, I am at present in the situation of Milton's devils,—to whom

“ Hope never comes.”

As you are now in the possession of my whole unhappy story, you'll be the better able to dedicate a paragraph in your paper to me now and then; I assure you, it may be of the most essential service: I have been robbed of an employment worth near five hundred pounds a year, without having given the most trifling cause; for, in the space of twenty-two years, during which time, I have faithfully served the respective offices of *Supernumerary Gauger*,—*Gauger*,—*Examiner of the Gauger's Books*,—*Surveyor of Excise*,—*Inspector General of the Excise and Licences of the province of Munster*,—and lastly, again *Surveyor of Excise*, there never was a complaint exhibited against me, by any subject or servant of the crown.

I have

I have, I am sure, a chest full of letters by me, written by the commissioners, and by their orders, repeatedly thanking me for my numerous good services : I advanced the revenue without oppression, and gained the good will of all parties;—and yet, for all that, I am turned out ! For what?—Because I could not swear whatever the court party pleased :—Because I could not leap over a stick at the word of command :—Because I was not a pliant, supple, kind, complying scoundrel :—In a word, because *I was an honest man.*

May the Lord of Heaven take my case into consideration, and send me speedy relief ;—in him alone I put my trust ; for I am well convinced, that the lords of the earth are no friends of mine ; and, to tell the honest truth, “ There’s no love lost.”—

We had a very fine review ; but I never was tempted to stir abroad ; indeed, I seldom go to any place, except to your father’s : For,

“ There is an avarice in grief,——

“ And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze

“ Upon its secret hoard of treasur’d woes,

“ In pining solitude.”——

Every thing to me is now insipid, and all pleasure tasteless ; it is a just remark, that

“ Quilts,

" Quilts, fill'd high, with jessamine and roses,
 " Cannot yield the Body soft repose,
 " The mind kept waking with anguish and affliction : "

Which fate, that you or your's may never experience, are the ardent prayers of

Your very grateful and affectionate,
 tho' unhappy friend and
 humble servant,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, 27th April, 1785.

L E T T E R VII.

To Mr. W——M M——E, *Belfast.*

LAST Monday I met Mr. E—— of the Glas-
 house, at the Lodge, who told me, that on
 Saturday Lord K——, on his return from
 London, stopped at his house in a phaeton and
 six, just as my daughter and another young lady
 passed by ; that Lord K—— took particular
 notice of Maria, and asked, what pretty fashiona-
 ble girl that was? and upon E——'s replying,
 that it was Miss Griffith, his Lordship enquired

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if

if she was his brother Amyas's daughter, and being answered in the affirmative, Lord K—— said, that he hoped her father was provided for; E—— told his Lordship it was quite the reverse; for, that I was in a miserable situation, which his Lordship appeared to be much hurt at, and declared, that something must be done immediately. On this pleasing information, I took the liberty of sending the following letter to his Lordship :

My LORD,

IMPELLED by bitter anguish and despair, I beg leave (for the last time I shall ever thus presume) to inform your Lordship of my cruel sufferings. *Lost to every party*, I am the most miserable being under Heaven, nor do I think it is possible for the sophistry of man, or the cunning of human nature (aided by every artifice and stratagem) to render wretchedness more compleat: Four long—long months have I patiently suffered! Kept alive by hopes, and existing by the impawnment of every portable effect belonging to me and my wife,—for FUIMUS!—Our watches, some bits of plate, a few diamond rings, bracelets, and other trinkets, have all been devoured to drive away pale-faced hunger.—Oh! Heavens, my Lord!—"To live!—and live a torment to one's self"—'Tis not to be endured:—This day (as God shall judge me) my family and I dined upon bread and cheese, (the latter a present from a company in town) and washed the luscious banquet

banquet down with the cool limpid stream :—We did my Lord,—and “blest’d our stars, and call’d it luxury.”——For indeed we can live upon as little as any people—and as plainly. I am avoided and despised by the people, who considered themselves the independent party, for deserting their cause, and opposing their interests, especially at the last Carrickfergus election, and by the tendency of my evidence before a committee of the House of Commons; and such of the opposite party (the aristocratic) as live in town, rather exult over my misfortunes;—excruciating misery!——Be assured, my Lord, that were it not for my reliance on your humanity, I could soon form a mode of putting a termination to all my woes.—I am tired of existence!——

Oh! my Lord, on the 24th of June, 1784, I was blessed in the esteem and friendship of the whole town and country, (I may say the kingdom) with an employment worth upwards of four hundred pounds a year,—the happy father of a contented family!——Heavens! what a difference! on the 24th of June, 1785—the other day, my Lord,—from what I, was to be what I am—a beggar,—tho’ ashamed to beg,—with an helpless family deprived of common subsistence, and unused to the means of earning one;——shunned by all ranks and degrees of people, and in hourly apprehension of (even miserable as I am) being rendered more woe-begone by a deprivation of my

G 2
liberty!

liberty!—Oh! my Lord, I can no more! “I shall go mad with horror!”——

“Dash my devoted barque!——Ye surges break it;
“’Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.”

But, my Lord, I weary you with my lamentations, and shall only assure you, that (let whatever may be my catastrophe in this life) I fervently pray, that you and Lord H. may enjoy every happiness that your own hearts can wish!

And am, my Lord, (with truth)

Your Lordship’s most obedient,

and indeed——devoted,

humble servant,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, July 19th, 1785.

Right Hon. Lord Viscount Kilwarlin.

The day I dispatched the foregoing epistle, I was honoured with the following anonymous lines, inclosed in a frank from Lisburn :——They appear to me as an answer to those I formerly published, in consequence of my believing that Lord H. had me appointed Barrack Master of Belfast, &c.

ALAS! poor GRIFFITH! once thy friendly door
Was ever open to the woe-worn poor;

Once

Once thy benev'lent—and o'erflowing heart
 With ev'ry child of sorrow bore a part;
 Thy tears would fall at each sad tale of woe,
 A friend to all—to none but self a foe;
 Then do, bear up against the *crushing storm*,
 They had no pity who have done you harm:
 Some noble hand will yet afford relief,
 Will dry your tears,—and banish ev'ry grief;
 Your wife!—your son!—and daughter, yet may see
 Peace and content restor'd to them and thee:
 Oh! may the God of mercy hear my pray'r!
 Save him!—oh! save my friend, from fell despair.
 Heal up his anguish, and with speed relieve,
 Else all his woes must end but with the grave.

COMMISERATION.

Lisburn, July 18th, 1785.

After blessing my sympathising poetical friend,
 I inclosed it to Mr. J— M——, of Dublin, for
 his paper, in which I presume it will appear next
 Saturday. You recollect yesterday, when I had
 the pleasure of dining with you, the amazing
 thunder and lightning!—the artillery of an angry
 God pouring down upon us! God forgive me! at
 that interval I inwardly wished (so that no harm
 should happen any person in the house) to be
 transfix'd with lightning. I was once a sorrowful
 spectator of a most accomplished and beautiful
 young lady being killed just by my side with this
 celestial 'electrick fire. Wou'd to Heaven it had
 then the kindness to have taken me also!—What
 a world

a world of misfortunes it would have saved me!

—But,

“ Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,

“ And he who knows not that,—was born for nothing.”

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever

Your's,

Belfast, 24th July, 1785.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

L E T T E R VIII.

To J—P——, Esq. *Attorney at Law*, Dublin.

My dear SIR,

I AM driven to despair thro' extreme want, having parted with every thing that I could convey out of the house, even to a *silver cup*, which was presented to me by the common brewers of Belfast, which this very morning I was obliged to pledge to give my miserable family support!—Oh! Mr. P——, to what a depth of misery have you precipitated a once happy and contented family!—Are these the flattering hopes you cherished me with? This! the printing office, &c. &c.? But—I complain not; I'll still be calm, and try
to

to bear my sufferings like a man ;—indeed, I now can well say,——“ As people turn their backs
 “ from their companions thrown into the grave,—
 “ so *my familiars*, from my buried fortunes, flunk
 “ away, leaving their false vows with me, like
 “ empty purses picked ;—whilst my *poor self*, a
 “ dedicated beggar to the air, with my disease
 “ of all-shunn'd poverty,——walk like contempt,
 “ alone.”

There have been four places given away in Dublin last week, each very near equal to the one I was robbed of ; which, *to me*, was worth near five hundred pounds a year, as the merchants paid me liberally for every thing I did for them ; the very certificates which I granted upon permits, at a shilling a piece, amounted, upon an average, to upwards of two hundred pounds a year : my poundage on the Lagan duty arose to about twenty pounds a year, and sometimes thirty, exclusive of my detections, seizures, &c. &c. and my established salary, which was sixty-five pounds a year.

Since I wrote to you last I have compounded with all my creditors (save one) who have most humanely and generously, consented to take six shillings and eight-pence in the pound from me ; whilst the *obdurate one*, not only refuses to do as the rest of my worthy friends have done, but has brought a charge against me of *twenty pounds* for *small beer*, which I always understood was sent me
 by

by way of present, having refused many barrels and half barrels from others, on account of being supplied so plentifully by him, whom I knew to be better able to afford such generosity than any of the rest. Indeed, I believe it was the first charge ever brought against *such a surveyor for such an article*: And to make the matter better, he charges ten shillings a barrel, which is an unstatutable price, and for which he could be punished. — I shall only observe, that

“ He that’s ungrateful has no crime but one.”

Next week, all I have on earth will be canted,—when I shall have left but *two alternatives*, either to shoot myself! or beg through the kingdom for subscriptions to enable me to publish my unfortunate adventures ;——for,——

“ When sorrows come,—they come not single spies,
“ But in battalions.”

O ! good God, look down upon me, and save me from distraction ; for I can neither sleep, eat, or take any sort of comfort.——

“ Tir’d nature’s sweet restorer——balmy sleep !
“ He—like the world his ready visit pays
“ Where fortune smiles,—the wretched he forsakes :
“ Swift on downy pinions flies from woes !
“ And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.”

By this unconnected scribble, you’ll perceive that my head is much disturbed ;—but, can you wonder, knowing my misfortunes ?

I had

I had like to have omitted informing you, that Mrs. Griffith (in her distraction) waited on Lord K—— last Sunday, who was kind enough to assure her, that he would use every effort to re-establish me, or otherwise provide for me :—You know the old adage,—“ Live horse and you shall have grass.”—God bless his Lordship at any rate, and send him every happiness.—Though he does not know it, it was I threw out the first hint of having him elected *Grand Master of Ireland*, which is certainly a feather, and will make him very popular among his brethren.

For God's sake let me hear from you, and tell me if there be any hopes for the most wretched of mankind, and

Your poor, devoted,

humble servant,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, 4th August, 1785.

L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. W——M M——E, *Belfast.*

“ A better order of succeeding times comes smiling forward,
“ White and lucky all”——

THIS day Major B—— assured me, that all my creditors had signed a release, upon my paying them six shillings and eight-pence in the
H pound,

pound, on or before the first of next month;— that the Members of the Orange Lodge had undertaken to pay the dividend, amounting to about one hundred pounds; and that he was convinced, I would have presented me from the merchants of the town, above an hundred pounds, which, with my household furniture and other effects, might enable me to carry on some little business. Indeed, in this particular, Major B——, my dear and worthy friend, Mr. H——m, and the members of the Orange Lodge in general, have used great exertions, having had two meetings this very day on my account. I am also informed, that my *well-wisher* Mr. P——s is doing penance; so, who knows but the almighty God may yet look down upon me, and bring me out of my difficulties.

“ Oh! Hope! thou pleasing stranger, twice three
“ months

“ I have not felt thy vital beam,——but now——

“ It warms my veins, and plays around my heart.”

Immediately upon my receiving the foregoing assurances, I dispatched cards to the following effect, to my humane creditors, Messrs. *Hugh Crawford, Bateson and Co. William Harrison, Hugh M'Ilwain*, the Executors of *William M'Cleery, John Neilson, James Hyndeman, James Cleland, James Steward, Alexander Armstrong, Thomas M'Cabe, David M'Tier, Thomas Giban, Thomas Lyle, Henry Joy*, senior and junier, *Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Tisdall, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Getty*, and *Mrs. M'Tier* :

“ *Amyas*

“ *Amyas Griffith* takes this method of returning
 “ his unfeigned thanks to Mr. ——— for his hu-
 “ mane and unbounded generosity, which he
 “ will ever remember with purest gratitude; and
 “ assures Mr. ——— that it shall be the study of
 “ his future days, if God shall prosper his endea-
 “ vours, to shew him, and his other worthy cre-
 “ ditors, that, though he has been, (through un-
 “ foreseen events, and the machinations of an
 “ *infamous party*, the most unfortunate of men,
 “ yet he never meant, intentionally, to *be unjust*.”

Tuesday, August 16th, 1785.

On the 19th of August, I dispatched the follow-
 ing letter to Major B——n.

My dear S I R,

I BEG leave to return you my sincerest thanks
 for all your favours; indeed, words are quite in-
 adequate to express my feelings upon the occa-
 sion; for, as Otway's *Chamont* says,

“ They'd wrong the gratitude I owe you.”

I hope, therefore, you'll pardon my apprehen-
 sions in reminding you that ten days more will
 bring about the period fixed upon for the payment
 of the dividend, which my generous creditors
 have (through your means) consented to receive;
 that if it should not be paid at the stated time, I
 fancy, should they be so disposed, they might le-
 gally retract. I therefore, beg your advice in this
 matter, (as I shall do nothing without consulting

you) whether I should advertise an auction of my goods in next Tuesdays papers? for, *entre nous*, I have no great dependance on my friends Messrs. C—— and B——, I fancy they *are* weary, and mean to relinquish the matter, deeming it a *sleeveless* errand, as they have not stirred since the first or second day: the worthy Col. B——s, by all accounts, would heartily undertake the humane task, could he procure the assistance of Mr. C—— or Mr. B——; indeed, the latter should be excused, having such an infinity of matter on his hands, that 'tis amazing how he can go through the half of it. I once more crave forgiveness, and assure you that I am, and ever will remain, wishing you and Mrs. B. every happiness in this world,

Your obliged and grateful,
humble servant,

Belfast, August, 15th. 1785.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

P. S. If the gentleman alluded to, was the hundredth part as active as my dear friend and worthy brother M'N——, I would not be under the necessity of so expeditious a sale: indeed, I think, as Mr. B—— *committed himself* for this business, he should not have flagged in it; 'twas neither BROTHERLY NOR CLERICALLY.

The next morning the worthy Major B. called upon me, and desired me to make myself perfectly

ly

ly easy, and not to dispose of a pin's worth, as he'd engage every thing should be finally settled in the course of the week ; assuring me that he would call upon Mr. B ——— for whatever he had received, and that very morning pay off as many as he could, and take their receipts ; but that Mr. W. H ———, common brewer, and late clerk to Mr. P ———s, did not only insist on ten shillings a barrel, for forty barrels of small beer, which he had made me a present of, but had also entered judgment upon my bond for twenty five guineas, and taken out an execution, so that his demand, interest and all, amounted to upwards of fifty-seven pounds, the composition of which would be nineteen pounds, within nine pounds of my real debt to him, as all I legally owed him on earth, were the twenty-five guineas that I had borrowed from him, and had given him my Bond for after my dismissal. Indeed, he was the only person who demanded such security, though more obliged to me than all the men in Belfast ; and when he took the bond, he declared most solemnly, that his intentions were merely to screen me from my other creditors, in case they should attempt to come down upon me ; but, I thank Heaven, his fears were groundless ; he himself was the only obdurate, remorseless and hard hearted creditor that I had. He was the late clerk of Mr. P ———s, and his confidential friend ; so, what could I expect from such a quarter ? However, I should let Mr. P ———s now alone. for, I am well assured, that the prayers of my poor
wife

wife and family have not been in vain. Therefore,

“ I war not with the dust——

“ A Lion preys not upon carcases.

I am now thank Heaven, much easier in my mind, though still I am apprehensive, that even my present expectations, though they seem almost certain, may vanish like the *Barrack Master's* place in *nubibus*; or like *Sancho Panca's* supper, for, with wretched me,

“ Good Fortune never comes with both hands full,

“ But writes her fair words still, in foulest letters.”

I have not been out of doors but twice since the 19th. Indeed, I am ashamed to be seen, and am more embarrassed with the kindness of my friends, than I was when I believed I was slighted by the whole world. As for any employment under government, I now give up all hopes that way; my only dependence is on my independent friends, my own honest industry, and the sale of my unheard-of sufferings; even the *worthy* Mr. P—— now disdains to answer any of my letters; nay, though the Orange Lodge applied to the Earl of H——, Lord K——, and their agent Mr. P——, very lately, in my favour, representing my unmerited condition, and informing them, that a subscription had been opened by the Lodge for my immediate relief; yet, that most respectable Lodge was never favoured with an answer.

“ To

“ To send the injur’d, unredress’d away,
 “ How great so e’er the offender; and the wrong’d,
 “ Howe’er obscure, is wicked, weak, and vile—
 “ Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a King.”

I am, my dear friend, (with fervent prayers for
 the happiness of you, and my now most numerous
 benefactors)

Your obliged humble servant,

AMYAS GRIFFITH.”

L E T T E R X.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

THIS day I addressed Lord H. with the follow-
 ing lines, which I also transmitted to the
 Dublin Evening Post, the Belfast News Letter,
 and Mercury :

DID generous H———h but know my case,
 How P———work’d to bring me to disgrace,
 The wiles he laid!—the stratagems he us’d!
 The faith he broke, the confidence abus’d!
 The ruin brought on *me*,—and all *my care*,
 The pains he took to drive me to despair!

Then

Then would his noble soul, (with pity wrought
 Had I e'en erred) forgive the transient fault :
 He'd then restore me—for his FIAT cou'd,
 To ease and quiet, peace, and ev'ry good :
 And *little* now wou'd satisfy *my' wants*,
 Wean'd from the *world*, and all its *glitt'ring haunts*.
 Thus does the ship-wreck'd sailor bless his God
 For *terra firma*—and the plainest food :
 So, our orisons wou'd to Heaven ascend,
 To bless our guardian, and protecting friend ;
 Who rescu'd us from poverty and grief,
 And, like a pitying angel, reach'd relief.
 Oh! think on One—who till five months ago,
 Ne'er knew *pale want*—or e'er experienc'd *woe* :
 Think of my sad *reverse of fate*—and then
 Have mercy---as you are the *best of men*.
 As such, that attribute is surely Thine,
 That attribute accounted most divine.
 Forgive, Great Sir, these poor and humble lays,
 Which wou'd, but cannot, add to your just praise.
 Accept these *plaintive numbers*, void of art,
 My hand transcribes the dictates of my heart.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

Belfast, August 28th, 1785.

L E T T E R XI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

AFTER paying my dividend, which amounted
 to one hundred pounds, and disposing of
 about

about one hundred guineas worth of my effects, I came to this city, with as much furniture as I had occasion for (the most part of which was brought up by my worthy brother Captain B——w, in his curter) and about eighty guineas in my pocket. I also took lodgings at No. 23, *Fleet-street*, at twenty guineas a year: And in about four months afterwards, married my daughter to a very worthy young gentleman, with whom I hope she will be happy. However, my dear friend, I look forward with horror, at the hideous prospect. I am now in Dublin upwards of two years, and have been out of employment two years and an half, during which time I have either pawned or sold every portable article I had on earth, Mrs. Griffith's gold watch and trinkets, all her rings, bracelets and lockets; my gold watch, chain and seals, my ring, all our plate, even to the cup, presented to me by the Brewers of Belfast; my gold medals, (*Free-mason's* and *Friendly-brother's*) the pictures of my wife, son, daughter and self, set in gold; a few paintings, particularly that of the *Adelphy Group*; in short, every thing, save beds, Tables, chairs, and such furniture as could not be removed without public notice: and to add to my calamitous situation, my ———— is just recovered out of a fever, of which he had three dangerous relapses. Good God of Heaven! what will become of me?—But thy gracious will be done.—If I live, I will give you a minute detail of the earlier part of my wretched life, which (though published in the months of December,

January and February last, in Mr. Exshaw's magazine, and in the Hibernian magazine for January, 1773) will be more full and circumstantial than any other. Though Mrs. Griffith has a sister in town, (a Mrs. M'Allister, who is married to her own cousin-german, and who was left a legacy lately, of six thousand pounds) yet, she has never seen her since her arrival in this city: And though she has an aunt, and above twenty cousin-germans living in opulence here, she scarcely ever sees or hears from one of them, except her cousin Thomas's family, her aunt Radford; and Ben. Radford of Pill-lane. In short, we are forgotten by the world; which the inclosed song will better explain to you than any thing I can advance on the melancholy subject: And am, my dear, friend, with all truth,

Your affectionate humble servant,

Dublin, October 20th.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

1787.

S O N G.

And am I then an an OUTCAST grown,

Forgotten by my friends?

Once no one man was better known,

'Twas then to answer ends;

But now, alas! all turn their backs,

All fly from wretched me!

Adieu—Adieu unfriendly world!

I'll soon get quit of thee.

But now alas, &c.

For

For INDEPENDANCE once I fought;
 Alas ! that e'er I had,
 But then indeed I little thought
 The cause was quite so bad :
 My-QUONDAM FRIENDS look with disdain,
 Some few may pity me ;
 Adieu !—Adieu unfriendly world,
 I'll soon get quit of thee.

My, &c. &c.

My doors were ever open thrown
 To all who were distress'd,
 To aid the wretched ever prone,
 So doing made me bleis'd ;
 None so by me take such a part,
 Tho' closest kin they be ;
 Adieu !—Adieu unfriendly world,
 You'll soon get quit of me.

None so, &c. &c.

I now find LIBERTY—a word
 And FRIENDSHIP all a JOKE ;
 The feeling man is deem'd absurd,
 The Rich---the world invoke ;
 And should misfortunes on you wait,
 'Tis then you'll quickly see
 That 'tis a base unfriendly world,
 And join adieu with me.

And shou'd, &c. &c.

Oh ! had I been some peasant's cub,
 Bred up at the ditch side,
 I then cou'd bear each ugly rub,
 Which might on me betide ;

But ne'er till now inur'd to ills,
 To want---and misery;
 Adieu!—Adieu unfriendly world,
 You'll soon get quit of me.
 But ne'er, &c. &c.

But hark——an angel's voice I hear
 Proclaim two noble Lords;
 Thou wretched man do not despair,
 Great HILLSBOROUGH accords:
 As does KISWARLIN---that you'll live,
 Once more from trouble free:
 Then don't despond—or bid adieu;
 But with the world agree.
 As does KILWARLIN, &c. &c.

The following lines were also inclosed to the
 Right Hon. the Earl of H——, the 14th
 July, 1787.

MIGHT I demand the causes of my fate,
 Or with my Maker dare expostulate,
 Did I in happier days neglect the poor,
 Or drive the friendless stranger from my door?
 Was not my soul pour'd out for the distress'd?
 Did I not vindicate the poor oppress'd?
 Did not the orphan's * cry with me prevail?
 Have I not wept the woes I could not heal?

* When *John Crone*, the gauger of Carrickfergus, died,
 I took his daughter to myself, and not only maintained her,
 but clothed her, until she eloped from me with the master of
 one of his Majesty's ships of war.

Why then thou gracious, thou all-pow'rful God,
 Why must I feel oppression's iron rod ?
 Why thus my en'mies cruel taunts endure,
 Who basely fret the wounds they will not cure ?
 Oh ! † Thou, whose goodness does to all extend,
 Say, shall my sorrows never—never end ?
 Let not my tears for ever fruitless flow,
 Commiserate a wretch o'erwhelm'd with woe,
 Nor longer let distress my bosom tear,
 Oh ! shield me from the horrors of despair !
 Forgive, my Lord, that I to you impart
 The throbs and anguish of my broken heart :
 Most of my friends in death's cold arms are laid,
 Others (tho' living) yet to me are dead ;
 Of parents—brothers—sisters all bereft,
 Not one real friend—nor any blessing left.
 Oh ! noble H———h, § who once essay'd
 To give thy friendless brother life and bread, }
 Were not thy goodly purposes betray'd,
 Stretch out thine hand,—and with thy fiat, save,
 Else, mighty God ! dispatch me to my grave,
 Where far from villainy, from art and guile,
 Secured I'll rest—nor dread the villain's smile ;
 Freed from each trouble, anguish, pain and care,
 No P——k—or false friend can haunt me there.

† Lord H———.

§ Alluding to the Barrack-Master's place, which Lord
 H———, ('tis said) endeavoured to obtain for me.

L E T T E R XII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

My dear Friend,

THE following are the MEMORIALS I took the liberty of presenting to the Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, with the Commissioners answer to his Excellency, in consequence of his referring them to those good friends of mine.

To his Excellency The Most Noble the Marquis of BUCKINGHAM, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, Knight of Garter, &c. &c!

THE MEMORIAL of *Amyas Griffith*, late Surveyor of Excise, of Belfast Survey in Lisburn District, and formerly Inspector General of the Excise and Licences of the Province of Munster.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT Memorialist acted in the capacity of Inspector General and Sub-Commissioner for the province of Munster, for upwards of

of seven years, during which period he detected every fraud that had been committed, not only by distillers, common and retailing brewers and Smugglers, but by corrupt revenue officers themselves, many of whom, had realized capital properties, by horrid peculations and fraudulent practices of every description.

THAT Memorialist not only advanced the inland revenues of Munster, but the imports, many thousand pounds annually, and, in fact, totally reclaimed that province, from which he eradicated every illicit practice that came to his knowledge, for which he received the public thanks of the fair Traders in general, and every mark of approbation from the Revenue Board.

THAT Memorialist was afterwards reduced to the Survey of Belfast, in the district of Lisburn, and county of Antrim, which Survey he greatly advanced in imports, excise and licences; reformed every abuse that he found in it, and received the thanks of the common brewers of that district in a silver cup, on account of his endeavours to serve the Irish breweries, by equalizing the Lagan duty upon Irish and English beer, and obliging the importers to be subject to that local tax, as well as the Irish brewers.

THAT Memorialist never had a complaint exhibited against him, by any person living, during his whole time of serving in the revenue, which
was

was twenty-three years; all which time he was continually receiving the thanks of the Revenue Board, for his faithful, diligent, and intrepid conduct, and that Memorialist rose from the station of a guager to be an Inspector General, merely by his own merit. Notwithstanding which, Memorialist was cruelly dismissed from his employment by an order of the Commissioners of the Revenue, bearing date the 25th day of March, 1785, for no alledged cause whatsoever that ever Memorialists could find out, saving that Memorialist gave his interest to a gentleman, whom he was intimately acquainted with, at a contested election, in preference to another gentleman who set up in opposition, to whom Memorialist had never the honour of being known.

THAT Memorialist is nearly allied to many respectable families in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and always conducted himself as became a gentleman, and so as not to disgrace his connections;—and yet Memorialist has been suffered to languish for near three years, he and his helpless family, in the most distressed circumstances.

MEMORIALIST, with truth, assures your Excellency, that the late administration could not, nor did not, accuse Memorialist of either peculation, corruption, or any neglect of duty whatsoever.

THAT

THAT for Memorialist's private character, he begs leave to refer your Excellency to the Right Hon. John O'Neill, William Sharman, Esq. late Collector of Lisburn, or to any independent gentleman of the kingdom.

MAY it, therefore, please your Excellency to take Memorialist's hapless case into your mature consideration, and do by Memorialist, as in your great humanity, goodness and wisdom, shall seem meet.

*And Memorialist, as in duty bound,
will ever pray,*

*Fleet-Street, No. 23,
Dec. 29th. 1787.*

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

DUBLIN CASTLE, 19th Jan. 1788.

S I R,

I AM directed by the Lord Lieutenant to transmit to you the enclosed REPORT from Commissioners of the Revenue upon the subject of your MEMORIAL.

I am, SIR,

Your very obedient servant,

S. BERNARD.

To Amyas Griffith, Esq.

No. 23, Fleet-street.

May it please your Excellency,

WE have the honour of your Excellency's commands, signified by Mr. Fitzherbert in his letter of the 9th inst. inclosing the Memorial of *Amyas Griffith*, late Surveyor of Excise of Belfast Survey, representing that he has been dismissed from his employment, in consequence of his conduct at a contested election; and your Excellency having been pleased to desire, that we should report to you a state of the case: In obedience thereto, we beg leave to lay before your Excellency, a copy of our minute, dated the 28th of March, 1785, stating our reasons for dismissing Mr. Griffith, from his employment, to which we beg leave to refer. All which is most humbly submitted by

YOUR EXCELLENCY'S

Most obedient,

Humble servants,

J. Beresford,

J. Monck Mason,

Robt. Ross.

Excise-Office, Dublin, 15th

R. Annesley,

January, 1788.

R. H. Hutchinson.

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

28th March, 1785.

IT appearing by the minutes of the Committee appointed by the Honourable House of Commons, for examining the merits of the Carrickfergus petition, which have been laid before the board, that Amyas Griffith, Surveyor of Excise in Lisburn district, declared, in the course of his evidence before the said Committee, That “ Every body in the public way, he did every thing to influence them, by virtue of his Office :— “ Gideon M'Dowall is in his district, and he “ knows him :—The witness particularly told him “ it was in his power to fine him £10 ; and he “ would do it, if he would not vote for Mr. Cunningham.” And on examining the information-book, it appears, that no information was entered against said M'Dowell. And the board being of opinion, that an officer, guilty of such corrupt and oppressive conduct, should not be employed in the service of the revenue ;

ORDERED, therefore, that the said Amyas Griffith be dismissed, and his commission recalled and cancelled.

Immediately on the receipt of the above, I sent another to his Excellency ; and I applied to Mr. James Steward, of Belfast, who enclosed me M'Dowell's affidavit, on which I again presented his Excellency with the following Memorial.

To his Excellency GEORGE GRENVILLE NUGENT TEMPLE, Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

THE Third MEMORIAL of AMYAS GRIFFITH, late Surveyor of Lisburn district, inclosing the Affidavit of Gideon M'Dowell, of the middle division of the county of the town of Carrickfergus, which entirely exculpates Memorialist of the charge exhibited against him the said Memorialist, by the Right Honourable and Honourable the Commissioners of his Majesty's revenues of excise.

Most Humbly Sheweth,

THAT Memorialist, with all Humility begs leave to enclose your Excellency the following affidavit of the person whom the Commissioners of the revenue said Memorialist endeavoured to influence at the Carrickfergus election, by declaring that he would fine him ten pounds, if he did not vote for Waddell Cunningham.

THAT Memorialist begs leave to remark to your Excellency, that the enclosed affidavit was made before Ezekiel Davys Willson, Esq. Mayor of Carrickfergus, one of the representatives of the county of the town of Carrickfergus in parliament,

liament, and the last person who opposed Waddell Cunningham in that election, and threw him out.

THAT your Excellency, by this affidavit, and by his second Memorial, which he took the liberty of having delivered to your Excellency at the Park last Sunday, will at once see how cruelly and unjustly poor Memorialist has been treated.

MAY it therefore, please your Excellency, out of your great goodness, unbounded humanity, benevolence and love of justice, to take Memorialist's miserable, and till now, unheard-of case, into your mature consideration :

*And Memorialist, as in duty bound,
will ever pray.*

*Fleet-Street, No. 23.
Jan. 30th, 1788.*

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

*County of the town of }
Carrickfergus,
to wit.*

GIDEON M'DOWELL,
of the Middle Division

of the county of the town of Carrickfergus, came before me this day, and voluntarily made oath on the Holy Evangelists, that Amyas Griffith, Esq. late Surveyor of Lisburn district, obliged him to enter under ale-licence soon after his coming into his survey, which deponent thought very cruel, as he was a poor seaman, who lived in a cabin by a road side, and only sold a barrel of beer now and then, for the support of a large family. Deponent further declares

clares, that Mr. Griffith was never oppressive to him, further than making him pay his ale-licence; and that he never threatened to fine him ten pounds if he did not vote for Waddell Cunningham, and that Deponent, at the time alluded to, did not vote for him the said Waddell Cunningham; and that Deponent was not a voter at said election.

*Sworn before me this 25th day of
January, 1788 (eight.).*

E. DAVYS WILSON, Mayor.

To the above Memorial I had not the honor of receiving any answer, which inclines me to think his Excellency is prejudiced against me by some cruel and inhuman villain. I still, however, have some hopes in his justice—that he will raise me and my poor family from the depths of misery into which I have been involved by my betrayers. Oh God!—Oh God! how sharper than serpents teeth are faithless friends. I have done every thing in my power to raise myself on account of my family—were it not for them, long since would I be in eternity; but the dye is now cast—and it lies with his Excellency alone to save me from an untimely and voluntary grave.

Adieu, my dear friend,
and believe me

your's till death.

*Dublin, Feb. 27,
1788.*

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

A L E T-

A
L E T T E R
T O
DOMINICK TRANT, Esq.

RELATIVE TO HIS PAMPHLET AGAINST THE
PEASANTRY *of* MUNSTER;

AND THE DEATH OF

Sir JOHN COLTHURST, Bart.

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A
L E T T E R
T O
DOMINICK TRANT, Esq.

Dear DOMINICK,

AS I have had the honor of knowing you since I was four years old, and as an *old school fellow*, an admirer of your *abilities*, and an *intimate acquaintance*, permit me to take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you; and let me tell you, Sir, that, though you have advanced yourself to wealth and consequence by taking *one side of the question*, and I (on the contrary) have ruined myself by unfortunately and unthinkingly *taking the other*; yet, it cannot be deemed a presumption, when 'tis well known, that there was a time, and that not long since, when you were obliged to address me, tho', perhaps, you won't give yourself time to recollect it, in the most humble and submissive manner;—for eighty-seven days, Dominick, at one time, have you been obliged to plead at the tribunal of my jurisdiction.

L

From

From, therefore, my perfect knowledge of you, I have been the more astonished at the perusal of your pamphlet.—My good friend, sure it would be much more laudable for you to take the part of the poor and miserable peasantry, than that of the opulent established clergy. Your sentiments, I always thought, were liberal, your soul expanded, and every nerve and artery in your composition, I once imagined, beat to freedom:—but, alas! how are the mighty fallen?—Oh! Dominick! the doctrine you have broached in your PAMPHLET OF PAMPHLETS, but little suits with your pleadings in favour of the foreigner and friendless, when you strenuously argued the case of the weaker party before me and my *wise brethren*, at the memorable and tedious trial of the Christina;—you then held forth the tremendous champion of liberty in the very capital of our dear kingdom of Kerry, where both of us made our first *debut*;—you did, my friend,—and were looked up to with just admiration; and I myself, though I could not bring myself to think as you seemed to do, wondered at your astonishing abilities——and——

“Wonder is involuntary praise.”

But, in the name of this same wonder, why have you been so virulent against the poor inoffensive catholics?—Your father, mother, and all your ancestors, were all excellent *holy* ROMAN CATHOLICS:—You *yourself*, in your early days, I perfectly

I perfectly well remember, went to mafs; for although you are my elder, by at leaft a dozen years, yet I recollect you fince I can recollect myfelf; indeed, as I faid before, fince I was four years old. When the Dæmon of Difcord took poffeffion of Theophilus and the Prelate, and roused the noble pair to ftir up the coals of fedition to fome purpofe, what need had you to ftep in and make up the much reprobated *peroyal*. You fee, Sir, the fatal confequence; you were obliged (in your own defence I'll allow) to deprive a worthy popular independent gentleman, and your own near neighbour too—of his exiftence.

I had the honour of being acquainted with Sir John Colthurft. You know very well, Dominick, though you did not infer his name in your pamphlet, he was very well known to be the *Captain* you mentioned; and as a gentleman he could not do lefs than require and demand of you to certify from under your hand, that he was not the perfon you alluded to.—This you refufed to do; and urged in excufe, that every gentleman in the Co. Cork might call on you in the fame manner. The confequence was, he fent you a meffage, and Ireland loft by the iffue, a man of honour, integrity and benevolence—a man, whose humanity alone, feemed to particularize him for crimination.

This, my good friend, will be a ftिंग to you whilst you live, which all the biffhops, curates,
deans

deans and chapters on earth will never be able to eradicate;—like the unhappy B-gw--ll, who, for some years before his death, conceited that he always saw that poor victim of party, the headless SHEEHY, at his elbow;—so you will be ever haunted with the idea of your antagonist.

You, Sir, particularly, attacked that worthy Baronet, as a friend to WHITEBOYISM; surely, had you recollected yourself, had you been more on the BLARNEY, you might have held up to public view a remarkable AMAZONIAN of your own particular acquaintance, who made herself very conspicuous in espousing the cause of the deluded, famished and infatuated peasantry;—in supplying them with ammunition, arms, and provisions; and in spiring and animating them up with declamatory orations, worthy the diction of a Roman matron;—far would it be from that good lady to *prostrate chappels*, or to hang poor mendicant fryars, though they should be so unfortunate as to have *inelegant* surnames.

You have received the thanks of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, for your *heroic exploits* and *humane doctrine*;—you have also got a ridiculous employment in an execrated institution:—You are a kind of *just-afs*, with a small salary, and a restriction not to go into parliament; better had it been for you, Dominick, to have merited the thanks of your friends, cousins, and *Clan-geffries* in *Dingle-i-couch*,—who now, instead of
 thanking

thanking you, must hold you in utter detestation :—Indeed, Sir, I pity you, am sorry for your fall, and assure you, that, from my soul, I prefer being what I am,—an INDEPENDENT MAN—without any dependance upon any being breathing, to what you are—a POLICE-MAN at best.

It is really astonishing to me, even out of respect to the *manes* of their good parents in their graves, that protestants of *the moment*, will fall foul on all belonging to them ;—fie !—fie ! this is as bad as DOG eating DOG :—Theophilus's father was an honest poor Roman Catholic, who recanted, in order to qualify himself to keep a parish school ;—*your father*, sir, was a reputable Roman Catholic, and died one :—Why then insult the ashes of him who gave you being ?—As for my part, Sir, *my family* have been all zealous Protestants, and mostly people high in trust under government, possessing fine estates, and places of profit and honor ;—nor did I ever hear of one belonging to my father, mother, or wife, who was a Roman Catholic, though, had they been all so, I should not have liked them the worse. Let every body pursue his road to Heaven his own way ; I believe all who worship God, and do as they would be done by, stand as fair a chance of immortal bliss as the *sage Wesley*, *Father O'Leary*, or the *Bishop of Cloyne* himself.—You see, Dominick, what a liberal-minded fellow your old school-fellow is !

Your

Your rise in life, my friend, was more owing to chance than any exertions of your own ;—your handsome figure, good face, and elegant address, joined to your *affected cockney mode of speaking*, (which the ladies all think peculiarly enchanting) attracted the attention of the amorous, liquorish, old relict of a judge, who married you, died shortly after, and bequeathed you a princely fortune, the earnings, savings and gleanings of the late Judge Bl—nn rh—ff—tt ; you then, Sir, married more suitably to your age, and received a second fortune, with an amiable lady, differing widely in sentiment from her nearest relatives ;—she would neither *prostrate chapels*, or *encourage white boys* ; she would do nothing that could possibly tend to acts of inhumanity ; for she has, by all accounts, “ a tear for pity, and a *bounteous hand*, ever open “ to relieve the distresses of her fellow creatures.”——You, also, Sir, had cleverness to obtain from an old miser, the father of his adopted, the late Lord R—v—rsd—le, a very great bargain, (Dunkettle, the very farm you reside on, when in the county of Cork) and, indeed, in this, you have *great merit*, as no body ever got a bargain from him but yourself, and every creature who knew you both, were highly pleased at your success ;—for, at that time every person who knew you, esteemed you, whilst, on the contrary, they perfectly execrated the old colonel, who made an immense fortune in the most unfair manner ; but, enough of him, and enough of you, Dominick. It is not, I'll be sworn

sworn, the hope of *canonization* by the established clergy, that influenced you to reform and hold up all those of the profession you deserted, in such odious colours. *The good things of this world* have more charms for you.

But, before I conclude, give me leave to ask you one serious question:—Did you not think there were prejudices enough against the Roman Catholics, without your interference? Alas! there were enough to chill humanity. Happy for them that philosophy has, in a great measure, done them away; but still there is a great deal of illiberality amongst many of us; and much remains for philosophy and reason to accomplish. Where then the necessity of your holding forth the Catholics of Ireland in such abominable colours? Were you smitten with the love of literature, and the *fame* of becoming an *author*? If so, there were many more eligible subjects for your pen. Besides, Theophilus and the B——p of C——ne, ransacked pages which were long given to oblivion, for arguments——against what?——against HUMAN NATURE! And as they anticipated your arguments, subjected you to the censure of critics, who accuse you of plagiarism. Eternal God! did you not think the situation of the peasantry sufficiently deplorable!

For my part, I assure you, before I ever had an idea of writing in their favour, my eyes have often—often filled with tears, beholding their misery and afflictions—and whilst I was amongst them,
I relieved

I relieved as many of them as I could. I do not mention this, in order to obtain the esteem of any description of people—were they savages, (and indeed, their fate is infinitely worse) my feelings would still be the same. And, poor as I am this moment, the scanty dinner to which I am going to sit down, (Andrew Marvell's favourite bone) I would gladly share it with any human being, whom I thought was hungry. My own appetite has given me a *sudden call*. The bone is on the table—(I had a different dinner before I knew P——k) so must conclude in a hurry.

Farewell, then, *my hero!*—you performed the *three theological virtues*——you wrote a pamphlet—fought a duel—and killed your man. That you may never *write—fight—or kill another*—for your own sake, as well as that of society, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

and quondam school-fellow,

Dublin, March 20th.

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

1787.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet,

IN WHICH THE

DOCTRINE OF TITHES

IS CANDIDLY CONSIDERED,

AND PROVED TO BE

OPPRESSIVE AND IMPOLITIC:

HIS

LORDSHIP'S ARGUMENTS

For the INSECURITY of the

PROTESTANT RELIGION,

ARE ALSO DEMONSTRATED TO BE

GROUNDLESS AND VISIONARY.

" Prelates, nay Kings, may flourish or may fade,

" A breath may make them, as a breath has made ;

" But a BOLD PEASANTRY---A NATION'S PRIDE,

" If once destroy'd, can never be supply'd."

GOLDSMITH.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Blind of Clowns' Rabbies

IN THE

DOCTRINE OF THE

UNION OF THE

AND THE

OF THE

IN

LORDSHIP'S ARGUMENT

FOR THE

PROTESTANT RELIGION

AND ALSO DEMONSTRATING

GROUNDLESS AND VISIONARY

"Protestant, say King, may be said to be
A church, and more than a church, but not
What a good reason for a Nation's Pride,
In this century, can be said to be."

God bless

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Bishop of Cloyne's Pamphlet, &c.

SECTION I.

I KNOW by many, who are unacquainted with my UNFORTUNATE STORY, it may be deemed a solecism in me to take up the pen in defence of the Roman Catholics of this kingdom—a people to whose interests I some time since appeared hostile. I allude to the opposition I gave a party who endeavoured to obtain for them the elective franchise. The idea was novel; and I considered it urged with too much precipitancy. I must at the same time confess, from all the information I ever could collect, that the measure never originated with the Roman Catholics—the more enlightened Protestants united with the liberal and tollerant Presbyterians, in order to extend to them such indulgence. At that period I lived in habits of intimacy with the leading gentlemen of both parties; and had the Roman Catholics made themselves active in the business it would certainly have reached my ears. I must,

therefore, perfectly acquit that people of the imprudent zeal with which they have been charged.

Perhaps, it may not be unnecessary for me here to inform my readers, how my conduct was influenced, with respect to the part I took on that occasion. When the subject first came on the tapis, I neither interfered for or against it—I entirely resigned it to the wisdom of the legislature, without considering the propriety or impropriety of the measure. Naturally the friend of all my fellow-creatures, and perfectly superior to prejudices of any sort, had the question rested with me, philanthropy would have influenced the scale. Arguments might be used for and against any subject; but reason—impartial reason urges emphatically the rights of human nature. However, as my principles brought me to the brink of ruin, and what I felt infinitely more forcibly, my wife and children, I suffered myself to be influenced by a man who assured me, (he said from authority) that my continuance in office or dismissal depended on the part I should take on the subject of granting the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics, and urged me to publications which my heart disclaimed. Many may censure me for this—but they are not *fathers of families*, and in my situation, who would throw a stone at me—

“ Nature is nature, Lælius, let the wise

“ Say what they will.”

But

But my conduct could not avert the storm.— The wretch, who before me dropt tears at the approaching calamity which threatened me, was all the time privately planning my ruin. He was in the confidence of some of the first characters in the nation, and abused that confidence to my destruction.

So much I thought necessary to premise, by way of preface to a pamphlet—the object of which is to demonstrate, in opposition to the Bishop of Cloyne's *chain of reasoning* (as HE *modestly* terms it) that tithes are IMPOLITIC and OPPRESSIVE; and that his Lordship's apprehensions for the insecurity of the Protestant religion are GROUNDLESS, VISIONARY and ABSURD.

My first position, I shall now enter on; and reserve the next for my second section. I shall dedicate the third to general observations.

That Tithes are impolitic and oppressive, is a subject more interesting to the poor peasantry than the elective franchise—for it comprehends almost their very existence. Indeed, there never was a period of the Irish History when its peasantry were more wretched, or I might say, so wretched as they are at present; and instead of any prospect brightening to their view, clouds more black, and planets more malignant, are still seen rising in a perpetual succession, and darkening their horizon.

The necessities and conveniencies of life, it must be admitted by every dispassionate man, are still becoming more and more difficult to be obtained. Formerly rents were moderate, and food of course plenty. Now rents are enormous, and food in a great measure beyond the means of the lower classes in many parts of the kingdom. This I know myself to be a fact, for I have had the best opportunities of informing myself in the different provinces.

But it is unnecessary for me to point out to a judicious public the peculiar hardships under which the Irish peasantry labour—The whole kingdom is already satisfied on that subject—every one admits their oppression to be founded. First, the estates gentleman, for the consideration of an advanced premium, sets his lands to *middle-men*—beings unknown to any other soil; nay, he sets them before his poor industrious tenants have the least intimation of his design: Secondly, this middle-man grinds the face of the poor, by exacting rack rents, and giving at the same time no employment to labourers: Thirdly, the labourers hire, notwithstanding the decrease of the value of money, the increase of their rents, and the high price of provisions, has not been augmented these hundred years:—Fourthly, tithes are more rigorously exacted from the poor than from the rich. The clergy are loath to exasperate wealthy men by demanding the utmost farthing of their revenues; they therefore accept a compensation from them. This compensation

sation is reduced according to the consequence and property of the man: infomuch that in some cases I have known it to be next to nothing. The clergy, however, have their reasons for this condescension; and the poor man pays, in proportion, fifty, nay, one hundred times more for his ridge of potatoes, than the nobility and gentry do for their crops.—Fifthly, the impositions of the tithe-farmers, tithe-proctors, &c. &c. all of whom oppress the poor, and realize properties on their very vitals. Add to all those causes which combine for the wretchedness of our peasantry, that the Absentees of Ireland alone would be sufficient to keep them in a state of indigence and beggary. To think of such a number of our nobility and gentry to be constantly draining this devoted country of annual millions!—Indeed, the Irish have been always accused of indolence and want of exertion; and I believe not without some degree of reason. However, if they were the most active people on earth, such a constant drain of their specie could not but be attended with the most injurious consequences.

—Exclusive of all the hardships I have mentioned, the peasantry have their own clergy to support; besides hearth-money, county-cesses, church-rates, and tolls, and customs, which are frequently made jobbs of. I have seen families in all parts of the kingdom, abandon their miserable dwellings, with their blanket and the pot in which they boiled their potatoes—all the moveables they had on earth, and hide themselves up and down the country to avoid paying

paying hearth-money, which is only two shillings. I have enquired was there a fair or patron on the side of a hill, when I saw it covered with such miserable beings—who were flying from the hearth-money collector.

From the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet, I would suppose the nation on the very point of an insurrection—the church about to be annihilated and the constitution on the verge of destruction. However, his Lordship does not know the real state of the country; if he did he would not have committed himself for a production, the very idea of which should crimson his face. I know the interior state of Ireland as well as any man in the kingdom, and in the face of the world I contradict (though with all deference) his Lordship. What could be his motives for writing such a pamphlet, I am at a loss to divine. I have every reason to think the present Government a very liberal one. Secretary Orde demonstrated a disposition of uniting rather than of dividing the inhabitants of Ireland. He stands pledged to the nation, to bring forward a system of education for our youth of all persuasions.*—

This

* *At the time I wrote this pamphlet, I really imagined Secretary Orde merited this compliment. His system of education, however, which he afterwards introduced to the House of Commons, was such as the Roman Catholics could not approve; nor do I imagine the clergy of that description would permit their*

This conduct of the Irish minister does not promise preferment or favour to the *preacher* of persecution; therefore I am at the greater loss to account for the Prelate's motives for turning writer. Truth he has not adhered to; and though in England he may obtain credit, he will be contradicted by every man who knows Ireland, and has its prosperity at heart. I consider his pamphlet a libel on the nation—injurious to its interests and derogatory to the honour of its established religion.

And here I am led to take notice of a circumstance which has recently occurred. I do not give it as a positive fact, but as a report that has been received in the city as such. A seminary had been erected in the town of Carlow, for the education of Roman Catholics, which a Protestant writer judiciously observed would prove THE TOMB OF DISTINCTIVE PREJUDICES, if properly carried into effect. This Seminary was undertaken

their flocks to avail themselves of its partial advantage. It might be called rather a political system. As it went to inspire jealousies for the superior advantages held out to other descriptions, it ought to be unpopular. It would create much matter for murmuring, might revive prejudices, and therefore, was dictated, in my humble opinion, by illiberality and intolerance.

ken by Doctor Delany, titular Bishop of the diocese of Leighlin. In the course of my life I never heard of a more amiable character than this gentleman, though I have not the honour of his acquaintance. Did my *antagonist* possess such feelings as the humane, benevolent and enlightened Delany, I should not perhaps, have imposed on myself the trouble of writing this pamphlet. I hope I shall be pardoned here for a small digression from the line of my subject. Since I committed the first edition of this pamphlet to the press, I made it my business particularly to enquire relative to this seminary. It is a subject of national importance, and well worthy the consideration of government.

The most natural prejudice which can arise in the minds of Irish protestants, must proceed from the following causes ;—Catholic clergy receive their education for the most part in a Catholic country, politically hostile to our establishments ;—it is at least probable, the French avail themselves of this opportunity of infusing injurious partialities ;—the generality of priests are men of little information, therefore the more liable to be deceived themselves by the enemies of Ireland ;—they possess an unlimited ascendancy over those of their communion, and can mould their opinions at pleasure.

Thus there is room for the suspicions of illiberality ; the force of which appearing to that second

Ganganelli

Ganganelli—the venerable Delany—he, at the sacrifice of his private property, generously stepped forward on this occasion, hoping to do away every loop on which a doubt could be hung of the loyalty of Irish Catholics. With the assistance and concurrence of his more enlightened brethren, he undertook the building of an elegant seminary in the town of Carlow, in order to preclude the necessity of the clergy going abroad for education; and let it be recorded for the honour of the nation, that by the voluntary contributions of protestant gentleman, he has been greatly assisted in carrying his most patriotic and philanthropic design into execution.

In point of situation, no spot could be found in the kingdom so convenient as Carlow for this seminary. The cheapness of provisions, and the salubrity of the air, combined to render it most eligible. The building is now compleated—and stands a silent monument of the intolerance of certain bishops of the established church, who absolutely prohibited any other species of learning than the classics to be taught there.—“Tell it not in Gath”—the established Bishop of that diocese peremptorily refused to admit Catholics to a native education!!! What a shallow politician must he be, who, by compelling so many of our countrymen to go abroad, not only occasions a considerable drain of our specie, but exposes the victims of his intolerance to a depravity of civil and religious principle. He sends them to imbibe the

N 2

prejudices

prejudices of arbitrary states, and contract an attachment to their forms of government. He sends them to unite themselves in the strictest bonds of friendship with the natural enemies of their country, whom they must ever after consider as the dear companions of their youth, and feel impelled to promote their interests by the pleasing recollection of the days of innocence and undisturbed enjoyment they passed together, while they must look upon their persecutors with different sentiments, who cast them out in their infancy like so many polluted things, and received them again only on sufferance.

It is difficult to imagine how any Protestant can, on his own most distinguished principles, oppose the extension of all the advantages of education to the Catholics, and even their emancipation from every disability and civil restraint, on account of their religious opinions: for the groundwork of Protestantism is, that liberty of conscience, and the right of private judgment, should be held sacred; and that truth may be best defended by her natural and proper weapons—sound arguments, and candid investigation. Error courts darkness; but truth can receive no injury from light. The more truth is examined and understood—the more it will be respected and revered. Mankind are apt to suspect that cause is weak which flies from the fair field, and demands that its adversary should be disarmed; before it will

will risk an encounter. Besides, the vulgar attach a degree of reverence to any persuasion that is persecuted, and even more enlightened and generous minds will scruple to forsake a suffering cause, lest their desertion might appear a timid and mercenary apostacy, and not the effect of conviction. On these grounds, every friend to true religion, and every liberal statesman must wish to the Catholics the benefit of education in their native country, as fully as to those of other persuasions; and also that when the temper of the times permits, they may be placed in every other respect on a footing with their countrymen. While human nature remains the same, it will be found that the most effectual mode of attaching men to a government, and making them prefer it to all others, is to admit them to enjoy every privilege under it; and, in short, to place them in such a situation that they must be losers by a change. Let Catholics study at home, and whatever prejudices they contract, will be the prejudices of Irishmen. Though they differ from Protestants in religious principles, they will imbibe the spirit of our free constitution, which the example of other countries proves not incompatible with the profession of the Catholic faith. They will contract that love for their country which is natural to Irishmen, who have been witnesses from their infancy of the peculiar blessings of that government under which they drew their first breath. They will get connected with Protestants of their own age and rank, and form those

those early intimacies with them, which time can never afterwards obliterate.

The Archbishop of Dublin and his *pious* brother of Cashel, as well as the *tolerant* prelate of Kildare, and my *noble* adversary, would have expended the sums they subscribed towards carrying on their soporiferous evening paper more laudably in endowing the seminary of Carlow, which is now complete, and will perpetuate their intolerance and propensities for persecution to future generations. Their conduct is a deep blot on our government, and loudly calls for the interference of the Marquis of Buckingham, who is an enlightened and just character; and a man I am happy to think, who is not at all venerated by the *holy bench*. Indeed, this is a compliment to his understanding. It surprises me not a little that *one* man of ability cannot be found amongst them all, to write for a paper they have established at so great an expence, for the *humane* purpose of abusing the poor peasantry. On my conscience I almost fell asleep the other evening over a *reverend essay*, which, by the bye, favored more of a *sermon*. My *noble* adversary himself would make a better editor than any of the miserable, but *sacred scribes*, who are well paid to write *nonsense* for that print.

How different a policy from that of our Clergy, directs the councils of the present King of France. He published an arret, about two years since, revoking the *Droit d'Aubaine*, and giving toleration
to

to foreigners of all religions to settle in France, and purchase lands. He also notified to the Baron de Creteuil, President of the Royal Academy of Sciences, his pleasure, for the admission of persons of every religious denomination into that academy—In consequence of which the Baron de Dutrich, a Lutheran, was immediately elected an associate—his Majesty confirmed his election, with the greatest satisfaction, and several other Protestants have since obtained the same honour of being elected, and confirmed by the King's authority, Members of the Royal Academy of Sciences.—What a contrast in the French King and the Irish Prelates !

But to return from this digression : As an individual I must consider myself interested in the prosperity and honour of the Church of Ireland of which I have the happiness to be a member ; I cannot therefore but behold with the utmost detestation the insidious artifices employed in this enlightened age to revive obsolete prejudices. While Germany, France, and all other Catholic states around us, afford examples of benevolence and toleration, a Prelate of the Protestant religion—*prob pudor !*—comes forward with the horn of persecution, and blows it more loud than that curate who sounded one of the Right-boy's horns on Cloghnakilty mount, as a deception to lure them about him, that he might with the assistance of his mercenaries, butcher them unarmed and without their being able to make resistance. I believe the world will join in
opinion

opinion with me, that it would be a more eligible pursuit for his Lordship to be writing sermons, than to assume the pen of a Wesley for the purpose of throwing the nation into a ferment. I know not of any reason why he should be so much alarmed for "the present state of the Church of Ireland—its precarious situation, and the consequent danger to the public." It is probable I may meet his resentment for the freedom with which I must necessarily treat his opinions; however, I shall cheerfully submit to that misfortune in the cause of TRUTH; solemnly declaring at the same time, that I have no object whatever in view by this publication, but the interests of my native country, and the honour of my religion, both of which I consider materially affected by the Prelate's imprudent and ill-timed production.

His appeal is entirely to the *passions*—not to the understanding of his readers; and he hopes to gain profelytes to his opinion by working on prejudices which humanity should rather sink still deeper than draw from their oblivion. Every argument he made use of, has been employed a hundred times before and for a *very laudable* purpose—that of stirring up father against son—brother against brother—and confounding the feeling and ties of nature, in bigotry and party zeal. It is natural he should wish to keep the people *hood-winked*; but his pride if the sacredness of his habit had no influence should keep him superior to a meanness which is only fit for such a fanatic as Wesley. By solid argument, as
I shall

I shall immediately prove, he could never defend so impolitic a law as tithes; indeed, he almost forgot the dignity of his character in the magnitude of his terror for the decrease of his revenue—*poor man!*

That Tithes are a grievance—that they are repugnant to the laws of God—and could have no foundation but in ignorance and superstition—that a commutation is indispensibly requisite—and that the honour of the Clergy and the interests of Religion call aloud for a commutation; I trust I shall be able to prove to the perfect satisfaction of every impartial reader. But first I shall give the definition of tithes.

Tithes, according to the Ecclesiastical law, are defined to be the Tenth Part of the annual profits of land, cattle, and personal industry of the inhabitants. The first species is called *prædial*, as of corn, grass, wood, &c.—the second *mixed*, as wool, milk, fowl, pigs, &c.—the third *personal*, as of manual occupations, trades, fisheries, &c.—of all which a tenth part, agreeable to the letter of the Ecclesiastical law, as interpreted by our *holy mother the church*—and a pretty mother she is! belongs *jure divino*, to the clergy. Is it necessary for me here to declare such a tax to be an imposition on mankind? Can any person read it without accounting it infamous? For my part I am astonished at the ignorance and credulity of Protestants, in retaining one of the

most important errors that ever crept into the Church of Rome—an error that has been the source of all that superstition and episcopal tyranny which occasioned the Reformation. Did the Clergy, however, dare to exact Tithes agreeable to their own definition of the word, there is not a merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, or artificer, from the highest to the lowest, in any part of the British empire, but they might with equal propriety call on for an annual tenth of their profits, as they do on the miserable peasantry for a tenth of their ridge of potatoes. Nay more, I apprehend there is not a gentleman in office, from the Lord Chancellor down to a supernumerary gauger, but they might demand of, a tenth of their yearly salaries and perquisites. I appeal to their definition of the word *Tithes*, and then to the candour of my readers.

Since then the Clergy, agreeable to their laws, are entitled to a tenth part of [the annual profits and emoluments of every man in the dominions, why, in God's name, do they not demand their *just right*? They tell us, we are bound *ex conscientio*, to pay them their *lawful* dues; therefore, it must be sinful in us to withhold any part of what *their laws* define to belong to them. I am afraid, at this rate, we have very few who merit *canonization* at their hands. Christian Charity for our souls should induce them to *revise* their laws; for otherwise I am certain, as commerce will be found to increase, the sins of the nation will multiply

tiply with its riches. No man will voluntarily give up to their use a tenth of his yearly profits, &c. notwithstanding the *sin* he may incur by retaining it. The Clergy, however, ought to insist on all their revenues, and employ Tithe Farmers, Proctors, and Constables to collect them in the Metropolis as well as in the mountains. The law which sanctions the one sanctions the other, since its original meaning extends to all without a shadow of distinction.—My readers, however, will impute, I dare say, their *extreme moderation* in this respect, to reasons very different from *generosity*, as their conduct in few instances can be *reproached* with such *indiscretion*—the contrary has ever been the *disgrace* of the sanctuary.

Tithes commenced and ceased with the Jewish Theocracy. If they were ever established *jure divino*, it certainly was at that period. I shall not take upon me to prove they were not established *jure divino*; because it is in the first place unnecessary; and in the second, though I should demonstrate they were not, as clear as the day light, still I should be liable to contradiction; for as Shakespeare observes, the Devil could wrest texts of Scripture to his purpose. My object is to keep simply to the fact, that they have not been established in the New Law by Jesus Christ, or any of his apostles—of this I am as well satisfied as I am of my existence—and so is every man of the least information, notwithstanding all the sophistry

of all the Divines in the world, to support the contrary.

Jesus Christ preached a different doctrine—he had not a place whereon to lay his head. Merciful God! can those men be your true and faithful disciples, whom I behold in the most superb carriages, basking in all the luxuries of life? Can they be the preachers of your word?—You who were meek and humble of heart—who recommended to your followers, poverty and a desertion of the good things of this World? Can I suppose you ordained them to spread more wretchedness than you ever intended to chasten offending man with?—Or can I suppose it is merely for your love and honour that they now tremble for their enormous dues? No, my God, I will never believe it. My idea of thy perfections is too elevated.

Gentle reader, forgive me this apostrophe!

From the time Tithes ceased with the Jewish Theocracy, we never hear of their existing any where, till the Church fell into errors and extravagancies. During her primitive purity, mention was never made of them. But when temporal politics blended with Religion—when the Clergy, instead of the Pulpit, began to harangue in the Councils of Kings—when they began to devise plans for a dominion over the World, far more tyrannical than that of antient Rome, then it was that Tithes were introduced as the grand means of accomplishing

accomplishing their ends. Is it not evident, hence, that Tithes are repugnant to the laws of God? Surely, if the Founder of Religion meant that so important a tax should be established on mankind, for the maintenance of the Clergy, he would have in some instance intimated his design. The contrary, however, is evident from every sentence that fell from his lips. St. Paul, the most learned and sublime of his Apostles, with his own hands laboured for a livelihood, and recommended his example to others. How then, can any man seriously tell me, that Tithes were instituted *jure divino*?

I before observed I would not defend the idea of Tithes not having originated *jure divino*, in the Jewish Theocracy. But admitting that was the case, I trust my readers are satisfied they were never countenanced by the Messiah; and therefore were never instituted by divine right in the Christian system. I must remark also, that in the Jewish Theocracy, the Poor were always intitled to their part of Tithes, and the persons who paid them were entertained by the priesthood. The established clergy are the most uncharitable, unfeeling beings in existence.

Before Tithes were introduced in England, Charlemagne established them in France, very differently from the present plan. He divided them into four parts. The first part was appropriated to maintain the edifice of the Church;—
the

the second, to support the poor ;—the third, to support the bishops ;—and, the fourth, the Parochial Clergy.

What period Tithes were introduced into England, has not been rightly ascertained ; however, on their first introduction every man had a liberty of paying them to what clergymen he pleased, which was called arbitrary consecration of Tithes : But after the different dioceses had been divided into parishes, the Tithes of each parish were then allotted to its respective pastors.—Arbitrary consecrations however took place again, and were in general use until the reign of King John ; this was owing probably to the intrigues of those who were called the regular Clergy, or Monks of the Benedictine and other orders. These Monks by assuming a greater degree of sanctity than the secular Clergy, hoped to draw all ecclesiastical profits to their *own coffers* :—This will account for the number and the riches of the Monasteries and religious houses which were founded in those days, and which were frequently endowed with Tithes—For as a lay-man was obliged to pay Tithes, and had power either to pay them to *Regulars* or *Seculars* ; they generally preferred the former—It was also deemed good policy for a great man in those times to build an ABBEY, and pay Tithes to his Monks, or else grant them to some Abbey already erected : Since for this donation which cost the patron little or nothing, he might (according to the superstition of the times, which in fact gave birth

birth to Tithes) have masses offered up for his soul to the very end of time:—This then was the grand inducement for preferring the *Regulars* to the *Seculars*.—By these ARBITRARY CONSECRATIONS of Tithes, the parish Clergy in process of time became miserably poor, till Pope Innocent the Third, about the year 1200 sent a DECRETAL LETTER to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to relieve the Secular Clergy: This letter has been mistaken by some writers, and amongst the rest by Sir Henry Hobart, for a decree of the Council of Lateran, held in 1179.

I think it might here be asked with propriety, why a Pope's letter, or even a decree of the council of Lateran, should be received in the British empire with all the force of an Act of Parliament? Does it not prove still clearer and clearer, that an abridgment of the Clergy's authority and revenues was indispensable? Sir Edward Coke indeed has asserted, that it bound not only the lay subjects of the realm, but being reasonable and just, it was allowed of, and so become *lex terræ*. I do not rightly comprehend Sir Edward, I believe; for if the Pope's letter became *lex terræ*, I think the lay subjects were bound by it to all intents and purposes—facts speak for themselves—it put an effectual stop to all arbitrary consecrations of Tithes from that day to the period of the reformation.

I would not wish at all to be understood as arguing against the propriety of a decent provision for
our

our established clergy—Some mode of maintenance is necessary; but I contend for it that a more eligible one might be adopted than Tithes, however sanctioned by antiquity or custom, which is all the warmest advocates of the clergy can say in the behalf of Tithes. There was a time antiquity or custom, would preclude enquiry; but people are not so easily *convinced* at present. By their functions the Clergy are supposed to be estranged from the world, without opportunities of providing for themselves——dedicating their whole time to the cure of souls. Thrice happy would it be for the nation were this the case;—the contrary alas! is but too apparent.

But it is not a sufficient reason for abolishing Tithes and substituting some other mode of maintenance, that they render the Clergy perfectly odious throughout the kingdom? Travel through any part of the nation, East, West, North, or South, and you will hear of nothing but execrations against that respectable body. Of what efficacy then can all their writings and preachings be?—Is not the very end of their mission thus effectually destroyed? It is in vain that they tell me they are propagating sound morals and religion amongst the laity, and making converts and penitents by precept and example.—I know too well to hearken to such a tale, that they are held in the most despicable point of view—equally so with their Tithe-farmers, Proctors and Constables. The sacred
habit

habit should no more be suspected, of rapine or extortion, than the wife of Cæsar of her chastity—for whatever operates pernicious to religion should be guarded against as a real evil. The obnoxious business of a Tax-gatherer is but ill suited to their dignity or function, who should be supported in a manner least burthensome and most convenient to the people; and not be exposed to contests perpetually with their parishioners, whose good opinion and affections it is their immediate duty to cultivate.

It is very remarkable that the established clergy in Scotland, in the United Provinces, and the Swiss Cantons, are infinitely more respected, and in fact, more useful than the established clergy in England or Ireland. The reason is obvious—Tithes, that remnant of antient popery, (which is different from the Catholic communion of the present day), are abolished in the former countries, but retained in the latter. In those countries, however, a decent moderate competence is provided for their clergy, which though far inferior to these on our establishment in general, is nevertheless adequate to all their wants and wishes; and they are much more famed for their learning and piety than our Clergy, and consequently have a greater ascendancy over their respective flocks, and enjoy the pleasing reflection of having their instructions attended to with a veneration and awe seldom felt by our clergy; who think of little else than debauchery

chery and dissipation.—God forgive them!—
Amen !

The established clergy of Scotland, than whom, none are more eminent for the purity of their manners, and, at the same time, influence amongst the people, have but very moderate salaries. Their entire revenue, including their glebe or churchlands, and the rents of their manse, does not exceed the revenues of five or six of our bishops; on which however very nearly a thousand clergymen, as respectable for learning, piety and usefulness, as any in the world, subsist, decently and independently. Is not this a clear demonstration, that it is not an immense revenue that the dignity of the church can be best supported by?—Those clergy can only maintain respect, who are not subjected to be constantly in litigation with their parishioners, nor to be deemed a public burthen. The Scotch clergy are happy in this respect, and maintain that influence over the minds of the multitude which can only enable them to perform their duties properly.—This will also in a great measure account for the very few dissenters from their church, that have ever been known, while swarms from ours are perpetually taking place.

In the nature of things there must ever be a general prejudice against tithes, because the interest of all the laity is affected by them; therefore, though they are not oppressive, still it is evident they are impolitic. I do not assert that the whole
body

body of the clergy are guilty of avarice and extortion. God forbid, human nature was so depraved ! There are many of them exemplary in their conduct ; and many of them the reverse. However, I will not point out a single individual for censure or crimination. In every community there are good and bad ; and the clergy are only men like others, subject to all the weaknesses and passions of humanity. I am by no means an advocate of insurrection or outrage of any kind, nor do I think tithes, oppressive as they really are, can justify violations of the law. The constitution has pointed out the proper road for redress—by petition to the legislature ; and this much I will say, that many poor clergymen would be highly gratified and benefitted also by a reform. Illegal violence in this case tends to defeat its own object ; and those estated gentlemen, in a certain county particularly, who have exerted themselves in fanning an imprudent zeal should reflect, that they themselves might perish in the conflagration.

In England, a commutation for tithes will, it is reported, take place. Bishop Watson, that benevolent man, perceives the urgent necessity of such a measure, and will do all that in him lies, to carry it into effect. Earl Bathurst is also said to be preparing the outlines of a bill, so that we may shortly expect to hear of a reformation in their mode of maintaining their established clergy. Indeed, reforms of this complexion, seem at present to be engaging most states in Europe, where

tithes have been continued. Even in France, whose established church is daily forging shackles for millions of the human species, * the clergy are seriously employed in suppressing the collegiates and every other prebends annexed to churches that are not archiepiscopal, in order to apply the income of these livings to those of the inferior clergy, which body is there, as in these kingdoms, in a most wretched situation. Besides, this revolution in the Gallican church, another kind of livings called priories, the revenues of which are immense, will be taken out of the hands of their present possessors, and made over to the more useful classes—the poor distressed clergy.

Hence we may reasonably suppose the Legislature of Ireland will not treat with indifference a subject of such importance as tithes, when all Europe perceives their injurious tendency. A gentleman (Mr. Grattan, who brought this business forward last session, and will again early in the next) of very disinterested principles will shortly introduce a bill into the House of Commons for a commutation. A popular northern Prelate has countenanced the measure. Its necessity is apparent—the Nation demands it, and the voice of the Nation must be heard.

But,

* *My holy antagonist's sentiment; from which, as from most of his principles, I profess myself a dissenter, though a Protestant. I have a regard for my character, and would not wish to be accounted an ignorant bigot.*

But, waving all common objections, are not the established clergy perfectly detested by all descriptions of people in this kingdom? Are they not marked out for the abomination of the people? If so, what service can they be of towards obtaining salvation for their souls. The churches are deserted, except St. Peter's. The uncommon abilities of Mr. Kirwan continually attract them there, for which he has been censured from most pulpits in Dublin, so narrow and illiberal are our clergy. Shame to them! No church in the world wants reformation more than the church of England; nor is there any length to which the church of Rome ever went but the clergy of the church of England would proceed to, were it not that the times are more enlightened than they were. There is not a gentleman of the established religion—a gentleman of information who has written on the subject but has censured it; and Hutchinson the philosopher asks, 'Is it not infinitely worse than the church of Rome?' In twenty years hence I anticipate there will be a reformation in it—but it will be effected in despite of the clergy, who never will yield to reason or argument till contempt for them begets aversion. Is it not impolitic then to despoil poor miserable wretches annually of a tenth of their scanty subsistence for themselves and families the ensuing year, to support in luxury and idleness a set of fellows who make no return to society, but reside in London, Bath, and other fashionable places of resort, without concern or
care

care for any thing in or under Heaven, but the *fleeces* of their flocks.

If the Jews paid tithes in Asia, as I confess they undoubtedly did, is that any reason why Christians should pay them in Ireland? The example of the Jews never extended, that I could hear of, beyond themselves, till the church of Rome united temporalities to spiritualities. The Jews were looked on by other nations with contempt, and some historians have called them a nation of vagabonds. However, I suppose they were like other men;—their own favourite book indeed proves them to have been very depraved. However, their clergy, unlike ours, did every thing in their power to obtain respect and veneration for themselves. They had also policy enough to establish tithes, which their conduct and sacred characters inclined the people to give without murmuring. This was revived by the church of Rome, and was in fact the error most important of all other errors, into which she could possibly fall. Yet, our clergy, who *abominate her errors*, can defend the error of all her errors! Tithes are their right, and their divine right, (they contend) and no human power can, with justice, deprive them of their dues. Did Christ ever broach such a doctrine? If he did, point it out to me, my *divine champion*. Had he commanded tithes, my reason would tell me in opposition to my faith, that he acted therein unjustly; and as justice is the attribute of the Deity, in spite of myself I fear doubts of his divinity would rush into my mind,

mind, on beholding, as I have often done, an avaricious pampered rector snatch from the mouths of a half-starved family, the food which heaven gave them to preserve merely a unity of soul and body.

Need I say any more, candid reader, to convince you, that Tithes originated in the darker ages of ignorance and superstition—that they are in themselves an imposition and a grievance—and that justice and policy demands some other provision for the Clergy?—Justice demands that there should not be so great a distinction between the emoluments of the Clergy——Justice demands that the unhappy curate (whose virtue, piety, and learning are frequently far superior to a prelate's, or a pampered rector's) should have the means of supporting himself, and not be left to famish with a helpless, and perhaps numerous family, as I know many of them are; while bishops are enabled to vie with Roman cardinals, in magnificence and splendor—while they revel in stately palaces, and indulge all their appetites in every enjoyment, luxury and epicurism,——while they lord it over their fellow creatures without mercy;—justice, I say, demands the revenues of the Church should be more equally distributed—that one man should not possess yearly thousands, and another little more than the pay of one of our Police Constables, though infinitely more industrious in the vineyard. Policy demands that the people should not be made to feel the clergy a scourge to them instead of the
intended

intended blessing—Policy demands that there should ever exist a good understanding between the Clergy and Laity, and that the influence of the former should have proper weight with the latter. The dearest interests of religion are involved in the question of Tithes; should they be madly continued, it requires not a depth of penetration to foresee, that the period is not distant, when it will fall into utter disrepute, contempt and aversion.

From my heart I feel for the situation of the curates of this kingdom; and I would administer to their necessities, were it in my power. The troubles of the south are also to be lamented—and if the sword of justice were not suspended by humanity for their poverty, hardships and oppressions, government would be warranted in a more rigorous conduct. Lord Luttrell has behaved nobly—his benevolence ought never to be forgotten. He knows the miseries of the poor are not fictitious, and he will give (I yet hope he will) a helping hand to relieve them. He will not be led astray by the high sounding words of rebellion and insurrection;—he is, I am persuaded, acquainted with the human heart, and cannot be ignorant that there is a degree of oppression—a degree of tyranny beyond which human nature cannot bear.

S E C T I O N II.

I SAID that tithes were oppressive and impolitic, and I am confident I have proved the assertion to the satisfaction of every candid, dispassionate man. I shall now proceed to demonstrate that all the Prelate's arguments, for the insecurity of the Protestant religion, are groundless and visionary; of which I shall soon convince all who can be convinced by fair reasoning. I am sorry I shall be under the necessity of delivering my sentiments rather freely; but I declare in the face of the world, and in the most solemn manner, that I have not in my bosom the least particle of ill will for his Lordship. When he committed himself to paper, on a subject of the last importance to the nation, and publicly avowed himself the author of that production, he put himself on a level with every gentleman in the kingdom, who had abilities and inclination to enter with him into the lists of disputation.

tation. Therefore it would be highly ungenerous to expect I would be tenacious of combating his arguments, because his. In every contest, whatever weapons are employed, a liberty of using them is the right of each combatant. The Prelate and I fight not with swords but with pens. He, I may say, gave the first blow—a blow against toleration and liberality; I feel myself interested, if not injured, in the stigma cast on my religion, in the eyes of the learned world, by a Bishop's broaching such a doctrine—I feel myself interested in the cause of truth, which I hasten to shew has been glaringly perverted.

I am perfectly of opinion with the Americans, (whom his Lordship reflects on and misrepresents), that civil polity can be easily separated from, and rendered totally independent of religion; and I beg leave to assure his Lordship, there are amongst the Americans as wise legislators as the world can produce, some of whom stand as eminent in the republic of letters as his Lordship, notwithstanding the haste with which he has *drawn up* so *sublime* a pamphlet. I really cannot conceive any importance ecclesiastics can add to the civil constitution of this kingdom. Certain it is, the clergy have exerted themselves continually to blend the one with the other. It is notorious they trust themselves into all corporations, canvass for all elections, and are as distinguished for party zeal, as the most venal tool of administration on the one hand, or Messrs Binns and Tandy (gentlemen whose errors, if errors they can be called, proceed from the noblest

noblest feelings of the human heart) on the other. Point out to me a contested election where the clergy have not been concerned, and made use of every stratagem that loyalty and disaffection could dictate, to obtain their ends. Do we not see them throughout the entire kingdom the *Alpha* and the *Omega*?—mayors, sovereigns, portreeves, borgomasters, justices of the peace, &c. &c. Besides they are more remarkably officious in every other person's business, than the Dissenting ministers, Presbyterian clergy, or Roman Catholic priests, who for the most part, pay proper attention to their respective flocks. *Temporals*, not *Spirituals*, attract the attention of the established clergy, and tithes are the source of this, and of every matter that has been urged against them. It is notorious that the poorest curate, though he has a wife and family to maintain, upon fifty pounds a year, will be ambitious enough to apply for, and take out the commission of the peace: and *pour quoi*?—that he may have a power to tyrannize and lord it over the poor peasantry of the parish he officiates in; that he may have authority to call out the army, inveigle the half-starved naked labourers about him, with the sound of an horn, and then leave them lifeless on the plain;—this transaction happened in the very county where his lordship resides, as did another, similar to it, in the county of Tipperary;—but his lordship casts a *veil* over the cruelties of the established Clergy, and only shews one side of the picture.

I ask his lordship, whether it would not be much better for his brethren of the established church, to follow the example of those Dissenting clergy, whom he so much dreads and reprobates, by merely minding the cure of souls—by adhering to the functions of their sacred offices strictly—than to be cruelly butchering their parishioners, and sending them out of the world unprepared, “with all their sins upon their heads?”

But I would be happy to know, why the Bishop should call Roman Catholics, Dissenters? I believe he will find that we have dissented from them, not they from us; and the Presbyterians, &c. from us: Nor did I ever hear them called Dissenters until I read that very ALARMING and AFFECTING pamphlet. His Lordship also says, that in the coronation oath the king swears, that “he shall to the utmost of his power, maintain the Protestant religion, as by law established; and preserve to the Bishops and clergy, and to the churches committed to their care, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them.” I will grant his Lordship that this is the tenor of the oath, but who framed it? No doubt the Primate of all England—the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of the learned Prelates, and let the clergy alone for taking care of themselves. Even now we find how terrified a Bishop appears to be, at the commotions of a few naked, half-starved

half-starved peasants, who denounce vengeance as much against their own pastors as they do against ours, and make not the smallest distinction.

But why does his Lordship lug in the Dissenters by the head and shoulders?—Surely they are *very peaceable*:—the *Northern Dissenters* are not only perfectly quiet but are also of such liberal sentiments, that they wish ill to none, but unite in bonds of friendship with all the world;—they look to *the man*—not to his place of worship; and would as heartily contribute to build a chapel as a church, or a church as a meeting-house, was there occasion: and this they have recently proved in the town of Belfast, where I myself collected a great deal of money, towards the erecting of an elegant chapel, which is now thoroughly finished. His Lordship's average of the church livings in the diocese of Raphoe may be very right—provided they were divided with any degree of just proportion; but I will engage that while some of the clergy in that diocese, are spinning out wretched existences, others are rolling in their guilt carriages worth annual thousands. His Lordship insists upon *divine right* for the tenure of tithes. I request to know whether it is by divine right that the bishops hold all the church lands they are possessed of?—is it by divine right that the rectors, vicars, &c. hold their glebe lands and houses? Throughout all the scriptures I never read of a bishop's lease, a parsonage house, or glebe lands.

His

His Lordship inveighs bitterly against the insults offered to the established clergy, and the little respect paid to them; all the answer I can make to this, is, that I have ever thought most of them have been paid more respect than they deserved. But

“ if clergymen would avoid contempt, let them
 “ avoid the causes of it; let them not be maintain-
 “ ing eternal claims to worldly power and gran-
 “ deur: let them not be hunting after honors—
 “ courting preferments, and bustling for riches:
 “ let them not be assuming to give models of human
 “ government, or to adjust and determine the titles
 “ of princes: let them not pretend to punish any
 “ man for his way of worship: let them not join
 “ in factions, nor foment rebellions: let them not
 “ defy heaven by swearing falsely: let them not
 “ promote servitude and slavery in the people, and
 “ *barbarity* in the *government*; and let them not
 “ flatter wicked ministers, and plague and disturb
 “ good and honest ones. Let them win respect
 “ and wear it; but let them not earn infamy, and
 “ demand veneration.—Let not those of them,
 “ who gratify *brutish appetites*, by living in all
 “ vileness, add want of shame to their want of
 “ grace, and bewail that they are contemned, while
 “ they are deserving it.—If a man pretending to
 “ great gravity and regard, should dress himself
 “ up in a *fool's coat* and a *pair of horns*, would
 “ not people laugh at him in spite of themselves?
 “ And would not his resentment and rebukes add
 “ still to their mirth? A clergyman who goes to
 a *fox-chase*

“ a *fox-chase* and gets *drunk* on Saturday, will but
 “ with an ill-grace, talk of his dignity and am-
 “ bassadorship on Sunday. Ought we to reverence
 “ that man as our guide to Heaven, who is him-
 “ self going a contrary road, and is rioting in those
 “ vices which his whole duty should be to restrain?”

—————So much for the INDEPENDANT WHIG,
 by which we may easily perceive that the Es-
 TABLISHED CLERGY were no better in the year
 thirty-two, than in the year eighty-seven.

The RIGHT REV. BISHOP is however (not-
 withstanding his prejudices against dissenters, and
 their very great influence) pleased to allow that the
 established Clergy are better supported in the pro-
 vince of Ulster, than in either the provinces of
 Munster or Conaught; here his own words: “ In
 “ the province of Ulster, indeed, much has been
 “ done to remedy this evil (*i. e.* the want of a suf-
 “ ficient number of Churches) by the judicious and
 “ unwearied attention of its excellent metropolitan;
 “ and the ardour with which the suffragans and
 “ Clergy of that province have seconded his zeal.
 “ Not only many new Churches have been erected
 “ within these twenty years, but likewise such a
 “ number of decent glebe-houses, as bear unequi-
 “ vocal testimony, that the Clerical Revenues have
 “ contributed their full share to the improvement
 “ of that part of the kingdom.”———Yes, my
 Lord, though that province is full of opulent Dis-
 senters, yet you are pleased to own (notwithstand-
 ing

ing that these people would overturn church and state), that the established church thrives better there, than in any other part of Ireland. Oh! I am greatly afraid his lordship not only wrote in a *great hurry*, but in a *great passion*; otherwise there would have been more consistency in his *apprehensions*.

His Reverend Lordship in another place asserts, that "the Roman Catholics in Munster and in Connaught, (who compose the bulk of the Parishioners), are in general but little inclined to accommodate the Rector or his Curate with a lodging; on which account, they are frequently under the necessity of residing at a distance, inconvenient for even the stated weekly duties of their office, and absolutely incompatible with an attendance, such as the circumstances of their parish would require." Here with both hands I must differ with his Lordship; the inhabitants of Munster and Connaught are the most generous and hospitable people in existence. Besides which it is well known, that the parish is most desirable to the clergy, which is most destitute of Protestants, as residence and attendance are the less necessary. Irish hospitality is proverbial; nor could a gentleman pay a greater compliment to the poorest orders of the Irish, than by a participation of their homely fare. His Lordship's *reflection* in this respect is perfectly *original*. They would not ask him what persuasion he was of—his company they would consider an honour. But this his Lordship would not give them. Nor would he
choose

choose that his rector or curate should accept of accommodations from the wretched white-boys of Munster, and yet even they would share whatever they had; and one of those miserable peasants would welcome any *human being* to his horrid pig-stye, suffer him to lie down upon the same dirty wad of straw or fern with himself, his pig (if he had one) and his naked, shivering, and half-famished family, and would freely share his breakfast, dinner and supper, which he and family take all at once—a frugal meal indeed, consisting of potatoes, salt and water; and should Providence send them a leek or an onion to cut in the water, it would make them “bless their stars and count it luxury.” But I fear such lodging and such viands and beverage, would but ill suit the gorged stomach of the bloated rectors, however they might be adapted to a poor curate’s taste.

Though I so pointedly attack a set of men, whose respectability should preclude, in the opinion of some, any idea of censure or crimination, I am willing to allow many of them to be truly exemplary. But the numbers comparatively with those of other communions, I fear would be found very trifling. His Lordship, however, will probably tell the public, as he did with respect to O’Leary, that I compliment but to depreciate, and commend but to destroy, as Marc Antony did in his oration against Brutus. However, I give him free leave to put what construction he

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may on my words—all I have in view is the general good of my country; and I declare, I shall not be backward in bestowing on him that tribute of applause, which he indirectly claims for his pamphlet, if he again comes forward, and, by a fair chain of reasoning, overturns my arguments.

I must confess my astonishment is great, that the learned bishop should even insinuate, that the principles of the Presbyterian church were hostile to monarchy. Have not the people of Scotland given sufficient proof to the world of the attachment of Presbyterians to the unfortunate Stuart family? Is there a house in Scotland of any note, that has not shed its best blood in supporting that arbitrary race? How have they bled for Charles II. when they had it in their power to form themselves into a republic! How have they bled for the son and grandson of James II. That their attachment was not owing to their admiration of the hereditary virtues of the house of Stuart is unnecessary to be stated; for, while they were ready to die for a branch of that family, they all united in reprobating the councils and measures which banished them from the throne. What could this be owing to, but the purest spirit of loyalty that ever warmed the bosom of a brave people?

In one page of this *consistent* pamphlet, we are told, “that despotic states, whether the supreme
“power was lodged in one or a few, have found
“in

“ in the papal authority, a congenial system of
 “ arbitrary dominion, and of course have regarded
 “ popery as a powerful ally, or at least an useful
 “ engine of state.” And in the very next, again,
 “ In England, from whence our establishments
 “ were copied, the system of conformity between
 “ the ecclesiastical and civil constitution seems to
 “ have been studied with a peculiar degree of ex-
 “ actness; they were formed so precisely on the
 “ same model that the whole was likened to a dou-
 “ ble cone, united by the authority of the crown;
 “ and so essential was the preservation of the
 “ church esteemed to the welfare of the state,
 “ that the barons, when they were laying the foun-
 “ dation of English liberty, made it the first arti-
 “ cle in *Magna Charta*, that the church of Eng-
 “ land shall be free, and enjoy her whole rights and
 “ liberties inviolable.”

I would be glad to know, does the learned pre-
 late suppose the people are so ignorant at this en-
 lightened period, as to think the barons were Pro-
 testants, or the church of England the same as at
 present? If he does, and indeed any dispassion-
 ate man who reads the two pages I allude to,
 [10, 11] would infer as much, I can inform him
 he is egregiously mistaken. The barons were bi-
 gotted papists, though my noble antagonist has
 deprived all papists of every idea of affection
 for the *natale solum* ——— and has represented
 their church as an engine calculated for forging

chains for humanity. Is not this a contradiction as palpable as can be conceived? and are not all the conclusions that his genius could extort from hence, perfectly puerile?

King John incurred the displeasure of the clergy : he disputed their authority, and curtailed, or attempted to curtail, their revenues. In return, he was the object of their determined vengeance, and priests and friars were set on by their superiors to excite commotions against his government. The barons, from the affronts they had frequently received from John, were ripe for entering into any measures to depress him. It is no wonder then, that when he perceived the authority of the church could shake his throne, that he should submit to any thing the clergy thought proper to dictate. Hence the provision in *Magna Charta* for the support of the church—not the church of England, as by law established, but the church of Rome. With what propriety the bishop advances this circumstance in defence of the doctrine of tithes for the clergy of the present day, I shall not decide, but only refer to the public for their impartial opinion. Every man who is conversant in the history of England, is satisfied the clergy could have easily pulled down John from the throne, and as easily have raised up any favourite they approved of, to that seat of royalty. The king's compliance, therefore, in this instance, is only to be attributed to the extravagant powers the clergy

clergy of those days exercised over the souls and bodies of his subjects.

But the king signed the paper—therefore posterity should submit. Call in first, my Lord, the Roman Catholic clergy, before your argument can have any weight. It was to that body they were especially granted, by the very charter you quote, which was extorted by the papists whom you have defined as a mere machine for arbitrary dominion.

One observation more on his use of *Magna Charta*—it is implied, that, because the king signed an instrument in favour of the church, that instrument should be regarded as sacred as our dearest liberties;—that the interests of Religion require the revenues of the church should be supported according to the very letter of that (extorted) instrument. This is laid down as an axiom—however, I shall beg leave to investigate it a little. In the first place, I assert the dignity of the church *ought* not, nor *cannot*, be dependent on immense revenues—I mean the *dignity* implied on the doctrine of Christ: in the next place, though the king was not even compelled by necessity to come into the measures of the clergy, still he could not make terms for posterity. If he did, the crown of England would be in the gift of the pope; because the same king gave up his crown to the pope, and received it again, after it had been detained some days, from the hands of the pope's nuncio, whose insolence
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to the king can only be exceeded by the absurdity of those who assert tithes are indispensable for our salvation.

When I consider the conduct of that king, and the disgrace he brought on the kingdom, I must own, I feel emotions working in my bosom, which require resolution to suppress. His dastard soul led him to every meanness—he brought down contempt on his subjects—he resigned his crown to the church, and with the abject spirit of a slave, received it again, as a gift, from the hands of a man whom he should have hanged for high treason.

I absolutely feel my face in a glow this moment, that the timidity of a coward, should be employed as a reason to convince me of the legality of tithes. How weak must be that cause, when an ingenious pen is drove to such petty shifts to defend it! I contend, he might as well attempt to prove, that the king is dependent on the church, instead of the church on the king, as to endeavour to convince any rational being that John's acquiescing to the conditions proposed to him, intitle *ipso facto* protestant clergymen to tithes in those countries. He gave his crown to the pope—he gave sanction to tithes. For the former deed he was a poltroon—a mean spirited wretch; as to the latter, I shall not say his *generosity* was impolitic;—he made friends of a powerful body without injuring himself—it was his subjects who were made to feel the effects

effects of his pusillanimity. The learned prelate has positively affirmed, that the ecclesiastical establishment is interwoven with the civil; whence he argues, that the papists must, from their principles be inimical to a free constitution; though he relates a few lines before, that we owe the foundation of our liberties to their exertions. I really am ashamed at this uncandid manner of treating the Roman Catholics—but it is the hacknied ground that has been gone over by every man who took up the pen to depreciate them—with respect to whom, indeed, I have not observed an original thought in his entire pamphlet.

How alarming must these words sound to all who love their country,—“the moment is critical —*it is decisive of the Protestant interest.*”—What a poor interest would the Protestant interest be, if it could be shook by a few naked wretches in the south of Ireland!

“This is the crisis, and the crisis now!

“The Sow hath pigg’d, and pigg’d hath the
“Sow.”

Yes, I trust the moment is critical and decisive, of the enormous dues which were so rigorously exacted from my more wretched fellow creatures. He said the subject was delicate, I do not however, perceive that he has treated it very *delicately*. I grant, whatever relates to SELF, should be
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be mentioned with *delicacy*. Has he done so, in endeavouring to *touch* landed gentlemen in the *tenderest point*——when he not only would rouse the Protestant government, but ring the alarm through all the British empire, to draw down vengeance on a peasantry, who are the most despicable beings that can be found in any kingdom in Europe ?

But the outrages of the white-boys are not confined to tithes——they extend to the persons of the established clergy. This is a very severe charge—I would almost adjudge to death for such an offence, were there no circumstance of palliation; however, I have always made it a rule, and I wish every one in the world would do the same—and that is, to receive the account of any offence with a degree of caution proportioned to its enormity. A clergyman who is instrumental in the death of men, it is but natural to suppose, will be subjected to the resentment of surviving relations—poverty does not change the feelings of the heart. I don't say the peasantry would be justified, by any means, for offering personal insult, though it might have been provoked; but, I say, certain circumstances will very much alter the complexion of crimes. I think the charge should have been better substantiated: lest these sheets might fall into the hands of those who have not read the bishop's pamphlet, I shall transcribe his note, for the gratification of my readers, as well

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as in justice to the gentleman whose opinions I oppose, for I should be exceedingly concerned, should I have the misfortune to take an improper advantage of him.

“ In the diocese of Cloyne, seven rectors of
 “ parishes, hitherto constantly resident, have ap-
 “ plied to the ordinary for leave to absent them-
 “ selves, from well-grounded apprehensions of
 “ personal danger ; three of whom are so reduced
 “ in their incomes from a competency of two
 “ or three hundred pounds a year, that they
 “ do not receive a curate’s salary ; and of course,
 “ divine service is discontinued. It is obvious
 “ that by a similar proceeding, the White Boys
 “ have it in their power to suppress entirely the
 “ Protestant religion in Munster, Connaught, and
 “ even Leinster, Dublin excepted.”

This, candid readers, is a charge of the utmost magnitude, and, as such, should be handed to the public properly authenticated.—The more atrocious the deed, the greater should our doubts be, until genuine authority stamped its veracity.—Seven rectors of parishes to have applied for leave of absence is by no means extraordinary. Alas! nothing is more common throughout the whole kingdom—: Are they not always absent from their livings?—No wonder then they should palliate their conduct by feigned excuses. But to have urged its necessity on a plea of personal danger, for which

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they had nothing to adduce but *apprehensions*—mere suspicions—is rather futile, when stripped of the terrific dress his Lordship's abilities gave it. Can the unsuspecting credulity of nonage receive such a report in the light it has been represented?—To pay it any attention would be a prostitution of the human understanding. The word, *well-grounded*, is applied to their apprehensions—different people will form different opinions of men and things; therefore, the public should have been made acquainted how far their apprehensions were well-grounded. There are men who tremble at the shadow of danger from a certain impulse of nature—there are men who would not hesitate to render, even at the expense of truth, an excuse for following their darling inclinations as feasible as possible—to one or both of those causes I will attribute their conduct, until I receive better information than the *ipse dixit* even of a prelate; especially when he is evidently under the guidance of prejudice—especially when he must make the cause his own, and argue as a judge, counsellor, juror and plaintiff. But, as to the idea of their being reduced from two or three hundred a year, below the paltry pittance even of a curate, it is so very preposterous, that I should almost be ashamed to contradict it.—On that head, I shall only call on any man in the kingdom, to mention the names of such rectors and their parishes; and thus I pledge myself to the nation, that I will investigate his dues, and prove them in no instance to be curtailed one-fifth, of
what

what they had been at any former period ; therefore, divine service cannot be discontinued on that account any where. But, admitting these premises to be just, how is it obvious that the white boys have it in their power to suppress entirely the Protestant religion in Munster, Connaught, and even Leinster, Dublin excepted ? Good God, can any man, with a serious countenance assert such a thing ? — Can he risque his candour and consistency with the public, by telling them in a solemn tone, that the most wretched peasantry under the sun can extirpate the national religion, in the teeth of the legislature, who has an army of protestants, powerful enough to awe into subjection the most stubborn subjects in the world ? How is it possible the Right-boys could extirpate it in Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Cashel, Waterford, Kilkenny, or, in short, in any garrison town throughout the kingdom ? For argument's sake, I will admit an absurdity,—that they might, in their immediate *Campus Martius*, suppress our religion ;—but the very reason which would lead me to suppose this, damns the notion of their being able to suppress it in any other quarter. I declare I am ashamed to be arguing on a point so very childish ; but I cannot avoid taking notice of the nonsense that is wrought up to frighten the good protestant people of Ireland ; in the first place, because I have already said I would prove the established religion was not in danger, and that every argument made use of to make us believe so, was groundless and visionary ;

and in the next place, because I would expose that ignorance which ever delights in disseminating discord. From this specimen of my antagonist's *arguments*, I have no doubt but statues will be erected to him by posterity, when they discover the greatness of his soul, and the sublimity of his understanding.

The next step the Bishop takes to prove the danger of the Protestant Religion is to inform us, that in *one instance* they nailed up a church in his diocese, and forbid the curate to officiate; and made the clerk swear he would not attend him. How he trembles for the ark of the Lord! But, why does he not take notice of the many instances wherein chapels were nailed up even on the Sabbath day? The reason is—it is not his interest so to do. I could inform him of several priests who were treated very inhumanly, and obliged to quit their parishes, sacrificing its emoluments to their preservation. This is as tremendous on the one side, as his *story* on the other. Indeed, the poor, oppressed, deluded creatures seem not to be troubled with much religion, and I am very glad of it—for I would rather see a liberality of sentiment, than those prejudices which so long divided the kingdom. We have seen them prefer the church to the chapel, merely out of opposition, though about twenty years ago, they would consider it a *mortal sin*. A mass house!!!—a popish mob!!!—for shame! leave those hacknied phrases to Lord
George

George Gordon. They are beneath your sacred character, my Lord.

Did ever such words as these proceed from the mouth of a Bishop before? ——"The number of persons guilty of capital offences must have amounted to thousands, in Munster, yet only two were capitally convicted:" Eternal God! deliver me from such a spirit! which can only be satiated by a hecatomb. Ah! in the course of justice, I fear very few of our clergy will be saved. Surely, with any degree of common decency, one of them should not dare thus to criminate administration for its benevolence and moderation. —It is a new feature in our clergy thus publicly to vent their thirst for vengeance so contrary to the precept of their Divine Master, who would rather advise them, when struck on one cheek, to turn the other, and not only bear their wrongs patiently, but ask for forgiveness from on high, as they forgave trespasses against themselves.

I admit, and give the Bishop great credit for the observation (perhaps the only judicious one throughout his pamphlet, and that, by the bye, is borrowed from the Right Hon. Secretary Orde) that the present mode of educating the Roman Catholics of this country calls aloud for some prudent regulation; but at the same time I will not adopt his idea of the disaffection of that body to our constitution. I know several Roman Catholics who
prefer

prefer a Protestant to a Popish government ; and I really believe all the enlightened catholics are of the same way of thinking. I shall beg leave to make a few observations on their conduct as well as that of the Presbyterians, during the last war.

The Roman Catholics of the South, and the Presbyterians in the North, instead of annoying us, took up arms in our defence, at the most important crisis that ever this country saw—a crisis, when in the city of Cork they had not a soldier, even to mount guard on their Jails, nor had they one in the North to protect them from a threatened invasion, nor in the *County Kerry*, where they would have been *invaded*, had it not been for our *spirited Volunteers*, many of whom were *Roman Catholics*;—at the same time when it was rumoured that the *French* had landed in *Bantry*, did not all the principal *Roman Catholics* (who had not at that time been embodied) apply for arms to their Protestant brethren? and did they not keep the city of Cork quiet, whilst the *well-disciplined Volunteers* marched to *Bantry*, to engage (as they thought) the enemy? I, myself, at that time, was *Lieutenant* of the *Carbery Independent Company*, many of whom were *Roman Catholics*, and yet the whole corps accompanied me at night from *Skibbereen* to *Bantry*, fifteen miles, and the *Roman Catholics* appeared to me as determined as any of the rest.—At *Belfast*, the *Volunteers* who were all Dissenters marched to *Carrickfergus*, to prevent *Paul Jones* from

from landing, at the time that the immortal Capt. Dobbs was killed ;—and the *Royal Tralee Volunteers* commanded by Sir Barry Denny, (of which corps I was a private) marched to *Ivragh*, and absolutely brought Captain *Lunt*, (brother in law to Paul Jones) and about sixteen Americans, prisoners to *Tralee*, from whence we conducted them to Cork Jail : Can these people then be called disaffected ? —or, is it possible that either *State* or *Church* can suffer harm from men who protected both, when they were not in a condition to protect themselves ? at a time when we had waged war, I may say, with all the united forces of America, France and Spain. Ungrateful Prelate !—to attempt to throw a stigma upon a brave and loyal people, who were the means of keeping your crozier in your hand ;—and the word crozier makes me smile—to think that there should be an absolute necessity for a bishop to aver a falsehood, at the very moment of his consecration,——*Noli Episcopari*, no wonder they should think nothing of publishing untruths afterwards, when they began their sacred embassy with one of the most flagrant that could be supposed ;—it is well known, that those who are bishops obtain their sees through the dint of interest,—no matter through what source. Prostitutes ere now have had the power of bestowing bishopricks on their *intimates* ;—the appointment comes from the minister ; and though the *Reverend Divine* knows some months before that he is to wear the mitre, nay, has solicited for it *with all his force* ; yet at the *awful ceremony*,
he

he declares, in the face of his God, that *he won't be a Bishop!* though he accepts of it the next instant ; —nor is it merit that ever had any thing to do with a man's advancement to a *Bishoprick*, ——— Mr. Fox certainly happened to stumble on a *worthy man*, when he had the present Bishop of Down appointed ; but, I fancy his *moral character* (and an extrem good one he had, and has) was no additional recommendation to the *pious Charles* ; ——— who would have been much better pleased had he been an honest *peep-of-day boy*, who would have accompanied him to *brothels* and *gambling houses*. —So much for *Episcopacy*—(which I only brought in by way of parenthesis) and now to re-assume the subject I had been on, when I was interrupted by the crozier :—I know it hath been averred by several, and credited by numbers, that “ a *Protestant Government* cannot (with safety) repose any confidence in *Popish Subjects* ; the loyalty of their “ professions being only the sacrifice of equivocation to treachery ; and the peaceableness of their “ conduct being no better than the act of bare “ necessity, fettered by *fear* and *impotence* ; ” ——— this includes a heavy charge , but, how is it supported?—by another *avermment*, equally destitute of proof, and one would think sufficiently refuted, not only by the smallest knowledge of Christianity itself, but even by the *moral sense* of human nature. It is a shame and scandal to be reduced to the necessity of expounding *such a point* : but, my more learned protestant readers must excuse my going into

into it. It is said, that *Roman Catholics* can be bound to a Protestant establishment, by no religious tests whatever : that the same obligation of an oath of fidelity hath no power over their consciences, whenever interest and impunity unite against its observance ; nay, that *perjury* itself becometh in *some cases*, a meritorious principle.—Were this, indeed, the truth, there certainly would be little complaint, at this time, of *Popery*, in the world ; and the *Church of Rome* would soon be an *empty one*.—Our very nature would start—with all its depravity, it would be too tender of its own dignity, nay, of its own indepriveable rights, to profess a doctrine useless in this world, after the first detection, and too diabolical even for those who aspire to no better.—But, on the contrary, the *Roman Catholic religion* holds perjury in detestation. Our more knowing Protestants think so.—The law of our land supposes it, and the *Papists* (who surely know best what they believe) aver it *living* and *dying*. For my own part, I solemnly declare, that (in my^e time) I have had an immensity of dealing with *Protestant Dissenters*, and with *Roman Catholics* (tho', as I said before, I am intimate with few of the latter description) and that I never met with a fairer or juster people ;—I never was cheated, belied—or betrayed, by one of them ; would to Heaven I was able to say the same of my *brethren of the established church* ! By the infidelity of one of them, though in my power, I lost my employments in *Munster* ; by the *artifice*

and *invidious duplicity* of another, (assisted by a *reverend Dean*, who shall be nameless for the honor of the cloth) I lost my *Survey* in the North; by the inhumanity and unheard-of barbarity of another, I lost a *Barrack Master's place*, which the great and good Lord Hillsborough would have obtained for me, had it not been for the *underband interference* of the monster alluded to, on whom a *just judgment* fell some short time afterwards; and indeed, since the *infamous transaction*, the *smiling tyrant* and his whole family have never enjoyed a moment's *peace* or *ease of mind*: one *misfortune*, in quick rotation, still succeeding the other.

How nobly did the *Dissenters* of the North behave to my unfortunate self (though I had apparently, by a villain's manœuvres, for near two years before *abandoned their cause*). On my dismissal (which every body in this kingdom, of information, I believe, knows was without any cause whatever, either of *peculation* or *neglect of duty*)—I owed about *three hundred pounds* in the town of Belfast—and all, except one debt, to *Dissenters*, who, the instant they heard of my *ruin*, and that I intended to cant off my effects, in order to satisfy them, called a meeting among themselves, and generously (without any solicitation from me) struck off two thirds of their demands, taking *six shillings and eight-pence* in the pound, which was in fact presenting me with *two hundred pounds*;—and had they not behaved thus greatly—what must have been the consequence?—or,
how

how could I have maintained myself and family since my dismissal?—the little effects which my generous creditors left me, have been my whole support. One only, a *gentleman of the established church*, the instant he heard of my misfortune, demanded my bond, entered judgment immediately upon it—and, were it not that he was *shamed* out of the matter, by the rest of the town, would, like Shylock, have made me pay to the utmost farthing; nay, what is worse, would have obliged me to pay twenty pounds more than I owed him.

At the late *Revolution*, incapacities were laid on *Religious Dissenters* in this kingdom, in regard to employments in the state and magisterial offices—no other were then imposed; industry and property were laid under no legal interdicts: the true spirit of the Revolution prevailed; and its greatest enemies began to be reconciled to it.—The Protestant interest flourished, because the interest of the nation flourished also. But in Queen Anne's reign, we deviated all on a sudden from that policy. The papists who opposed king William's government, were obedient under her's.—This, however, availed nothing: he pardoned—she punished. An universal languor, amidst all our successes abroad, and a profound peace at home, spread over the face of our island. The memory of those calamitous days is too fresh to need any revival at present, nor can we justly lay all our sufferings, during that period, to the popery

acts alone. But we may say, with great truth, that the restrictions on industry and property were, at that juncture in particular, extremely unseasonable. Our linen manufacture did not take sufficient root; England laid our trade under new limitations, our military art became mighty expensive, by the exportation of our troops:—all our credit was almost sunk:—and the years 1709 and 1710, added a wasteful famine to all our distresses. We revived in the next reign, through some favourable conjunctures; we throve a little in the last; but the *popery laws* prevailed over all our efforts, and kept us more or less in a hectic state.

From the year seventeen hundred and four, until the papists were lately granted some indulgences, did they ever give cause for all the sufferings which this nation incurred on their account? on the contrary, no people in any age or country ever behaved more dutifully or resignedly.—and were ever the *Protestant Dissenters* known to have behaved improperly, disloyally, or rebelliously?—no, never;—the *insurrections* of the Steel Boys of the North were occasioned by *disputes* (of overgrown fortunes) canting for the farms (which had run out of lease) of their poorest neighbours; at a time when Mr. Talbott was setting Lord Donnegal's lands, when the moneyed Dissenters perfectly knew the way to feel the agent's pulse.—At that time, no established clergyman was insulted or attacked, nor was the object, Tithes: and the

the only particular outrages that were committed, were the setting fire to Mr. Cunningham's house at Belfast, and the killing of Mr. Morell, a Dissenting Minister; now, as both these gentlemen were Dissenters, the learned Prelate cannot possibly say that ever the Steel Boys intended the smallest injury to church or state:—the Quakers also compose a part of the great body of dissenters, who are such a terror to the prelate: are not the Quakers the most inoffensive, and the most harmless people on earth?—Quakers assume no dignities! no consequence!—no parade!—They are a meek, modest, mild people, who would wish to deport themselves like primitive Christians, nor have I heard that a real Quaker was ever guilty of a crime, for which he could be arraigned at the bar of justice: the seceders of the North are also a very praise-worthy people: In short, no people are more depraved than those who profess the same religion with the bishop and myself;—and what can that be owing to? simply to this,—the inattention of our own clergy; they take no sort of heed of our morals; and, if we happen to be poor, or to move in an humble sphere of life, they turn up their *snouts* at us, and pass us by, as if we had been inferior animals,—nay worse, as if we had not been created by the same God who created themselves.

I assert, no man but a prejudiced man, would suspect the loyalty of Presbyterians or Catholics—they have given proofs of their attachment to the
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present government which should be recorded to their immortal honors—proofs that entitle them to a different return from every true-hearted protestant, than that which they have received at the hands of the prelate. But ingratitude's the growth of every clime—it is not confined to any nation or age: however, I have confidence in the gentlemen who preside at the helm of our affairs, that they look on those people with proper sentiments of affection, and that no character, however respectable, will influence them to change the opinion they entertain of them. In the hour of necessity they demonstrated a willingness to present their bosoms to the bayonet of a foreign or domestic enemy; and it is to them we may return thanks that our island was not invaded by the French. Let it never be forgotten my fellow protestants—let it be written on your hearts in sentiments of gratitude, that, at the time Marschal Broglie was at Brest, with an army of twenty thousand picked men, and every preparation made for an embarkation, in order to make a descent on Ireland, the very idea of our general unanimity determined the cabinet of Versailles to countermand the expedition. Had the Roman Catholics shewed a disposition at that awful crisis, even to observe a neutrality, it is easy to foresee what would have been the consequence. The army of a nation flushed with the divisions and distresses of their most formidable rival, would have menaced the conquest of Ireland. I shall not take upon myself to decide with what
success

success their efforts might have been crowned, but I shall beg the indulgence of my readers, while I recount a few circumstances, of the truth of which they can form no doubt—some of them must be in their own recollection.

A short time previous to the 'French Ambassador's delivery of his rescript to the court of London, a gentleman distinguished for his benevolent feelings, moved in our House of Commons for some little indulgence for the Roman Catholics of this country. I am ashamed to mention the reception his motion met with—it was scouted out of the house, almost unanimously. However, in about a week or fortnight afterwards, the news arrived of the French rescript being announced to both houses of the British parliament, and the consequent determination of proceeding to hostilities. Mr. Gardiner then immediately moved for heads of a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics,—leave was granted by a great majority—and the bill carried, though strenuously opposed by some short-sighted politicians. The account of this operated as a thunder-bolt in France, whose object or at least whose apparent object was to render this country independent of Britain—a measure exceedingly feasible, from the great number of inhabitants who were unjustly oppressed by a code of laws, which one of the greatest politicians in the world has justly asserted, were written *in characters of blood*. To such a power as the French, I say, the measure was feasible; they could have sent any force they thought proper into our country—they had

had officers from every county, whose connections would have been on such an occasion of the utmost importance—the prejudices of the vulgar were all in their favour—of the vulgar did I say? alas! the most enlightened, circumstanced as they were, would have acted in the same manner, that it was but natural to suppose they would have done. The generality of Priests, all over the kingdom, received their education in France; of course, it might very well be thought they would not have been unfriendly to a cause, from which they had much to expect. Add to all those reasons for inducing the French to such a procedure, that their situation favoured the enterprize, and that the parent state was unable to afford us the least protection. If the Roman Catholics were hostile to our glorious constitution, what more favourable opportunity could they require to subvert Church and State? What more favourable opportunity could present itself to them for recovering all the rights of which they had been despoiled, by the infractions of the conditions of Limerick? Their conduct was singularly loyal and gives the lie direct to every insinuation to their dishonour. They offered their services to their protestant brethren, who gladly encouraged them to the volunteer standard. Every individual seemed animated with loyalty and patriotism; and the French found themselves disappointed in the assistance of a people, from whom they expected the most important services.

It

It is impossible for me to use any arguments to prove the attachment of the Roman Catholics more forcibly than their own conduct at that period.— It was such as demonstrated their loyalty to be as sincere as any of their fellow-subjects whatever.— It was the opinion of many well-informed men, that France never would have undertaken that war were it not in the hope of disuniting Ireland from England, and no human power could frustrate their designs, but the Roman Catholics themselves. If their tried and approved affection can raise them in our esteem, we ought to hold them in the most friendly point of view. We ought not implicitly to adopt opinions injurious to them, without a previous investigation—and

“What can we reason but from what we know?”

If our sentiments of them be formed from our knowledge and experience, we cannot withhold our admiration and respect for that virtuous and upright body, who have been long neglected and despised, by those to whom they have a right to look up to for relief.

Away then with those hacknied and shameful conclusions that a Roman Catholic cannot be sincere in his professions of attachment to our constitution and common sovereign—that he must relinquish every religious tenet he has imbibed, ere he can wish well to either—ere he can keep faith with us—ere he can be bound to the observance of the most

solemn obligations. Let us not recur to the dark ages of ignorance and superstition, when temporal policy directed the consciences of men. It is enough for us such scenes cannot in the nature of things be repeated. Even in the days I allude to, much has been exaggerated to their disgrace. We now behold them approaching to the tolerant principles of which it has been the glory of protestants to have laid the foundation. I feel for the man, who, to support a tottering cause, is obliged to scurrility and the most palpable falsehoods for arguments, to give feasibility to his production, evidently dictated by self preservation, and a resentment for which he never experienced, ought to justify.

“ When falsehood’s insolent let truth be bold.”

Have Protestants always kept faith with Roman Catholics, I ask you, holy man, for whom, after all, I entertain some respect on account of your sacred habit principally;—have they always kept faith with them I say?—Ah! my Lord, I need not take you out of this country, to prove the converse. Irishmen were ever warmly attached to their King, however unworthy he might have been of their regard. Look back to the reign of Elizabeth—look back to the reign of the first Charles—and to that of the ill-fated James. What right had they to be so faithful to the Stuart family, whose uniform conduct was such as would justify a rebellious spirit in them, as well as in the rest of their fellow-subjects?—For my part I am astonished when

I reflect

I reflect on the history of the Irish Catholics, than whom, under Heaven, there is not a people more misrepresented or belied. Borlace, Temple and my Lord Clarendon, (who by the bye was an honest meaning man than either of the other two, and indeed, it is paying his memory no compliment to say so) though they all reprobate the poor Papists, differ in the most important events recorded in their *Stories*. I believe the noble author was deceived, or he would have been an impartial historian, but as to Borlace and Temple, they wrote in defence of their own characters, which were blackened by the atrociousness of their deeds.

The Irish bled willingly and profusely for James, even after he had deserted them—they disputed William's sovereignty when shut up in Limerick—the last dyke of that poltroon's dominions—a poltroon I say, for he should have rather died, than abandon such subjects at the time he did. Their noble defence of that city will ever be the admiration of the greatest martinets. Though in every extremity of hunger and distress, they refused to hearken to terms while they had a hope of success; and when all expectation of foreign assistance failed them, they resolved on an act of desperation, or else to obtain terms worthy of themselves. The articles on which they surrendered is a proof of this. They resigned their liberties and arms for stipulated privileges, solemnly signed and sealed. However, all those articles were afterwards violated by Queen Ann, and the most oppressive laws enacted in place

of them. The properties and persons of Roman Catholics, to the indelible shame of that reign, were exposed to every danger and insult.—The child was encouraged to plunge a dagger in the heart of his aged father—the marriage bed, that last asylum of human consolation, was not considered too sacred for the stern arm of persecution.

The conduct of those writers who are continually *preaching*, that Roman Catholics consider themselves not bound to keep faith with us, is very reprehensible. They should examine our conduct with respect to them before they imputed so injurious a charge. The unfortunate Mary of Scotland, bled for her credulity in depending on the good faith of Elizabeth of England, who invited her with apparent sincerity and affection to the Court of London; but the moment that unhappy Queen arrived in her dominions, instead of alleviating her misfortunes, she basely had her person seized as a culprit, confined her in a castle far from her metropolis, and after an imprisonment of near twenty years, brought her at last to trial for supposed treason, and doomed her to death by a concerted, deliberate and systematical procedure, on a public scaffold. Innumerable are the instances I could adduce to prove the violations of faith on the part of Protestants; but the fate of the conditions of Limerick, precludes the necessity of entering more fully on that point. I thus publicly call on the Right Rev. Bishop for an opinion relative to the right or propriety of such an infraction of the

the

the terms on which the Roman Catholics submitted to the arms of William. I call on him to come forward once more, and prove that it could be made without any violation of faith. But I am satisfied I urge him to an impossibility, and therefore shall decline pressing him on this occasion. For my part I firmly believe, that justice as well as humanity forbade the enacting of Penal Laws beyond the letter of the conditions originally granted them—Penal Laws which impoverished our country, and banished many of our brave countrymen, whose wisdom and bravery in the cabinet and field have been the scourge of our parent state—Penal Laws, which, contrary to the voice of God and nature, encouraged the child to rebel against his father, which broke the heart of many an amiable character, and sent them to untimely graves—Penal Laws which burst asunder the strongest and most sacred of human ties, that of matrimony, and left unhappy females of the Roman Catholic communion, exposed to destruction from the perfidy of every villain, who by complying with the forms of their religion, could despoil them of their honour and property together. O! what a melancholy account could I give of the operation of this law which still disgraces our country! How many prostitutes have been made by it, of innocent young creatures who have been decoyed by the artifices of a designing knave, often without the knowledge of their parents or guardians, to bestow their hands in a marriage that was thought of but to sanction robbery

robbery and seduction ! How many families have been plunged into all the miseries incident to humanity—how many have been bastardised by this iniquitous law, and left to pine in wretchedness and want ! The solemnities of religion were rendered subservient to the purposes of fornication and adultery—and all this *for the security of the Protestant religion*. Roman Catholics have often violated faith for the *good of their church*—and have not we violated faith for the good of ours ? My Lord ! my Lord ! look over the Popery laws impartially.—Detest as you please his principles—but have compassion for the man—and if not on the man, at least for the *weaker vessel*—that poor frail being woman—and protect her chastity and her property by an efficient law, and your name will be ever hallowed by the virgins of this land.

Imagine not, my readers, that I am of opinion the Roman Catholics owe no allegiance to the House of Brunswick. To Anne they certainly did not, and had they revolted, their proceedings merited not the name of rebellion. Ah ! my Protestant and Presbyterian brethren, who willingly would spill the last drop of your blood for LIBERTY, and whose forefathers devoted their lives to the extirpation of tyranny, would you not rather applaud than condemn the exertions of savages to gain freedom for themselves ? and could you reprobate your own fellow-subjects and countrymen for possessing sentiments so congenial to your own, had they even revolted when their compact was broken ? Indeed, they

they have already in a great measure emerged from what they formerly were—though they profess not the Protestant religion; they pathetically feel its influence; and the nearer they approach to it, the more information they acquire, and the farther they will be removed from their original principles.—Policy advises lenient measures, which are the most certain that can be adopted, to save them from the artifices of an ignorant priesthood, who are indebted for their dominion over the consciences of their flocks to our impolicy in denying them a liberal education. Previous to the mitigation of the penal code, the records of so many years, only handed to us about four thousand converts, and since that period they have encreased in a comparative ratio of one to three. Does not this demonstrate a generous spirit in that people, whose pride would not permit them to reform till they could do so without injuring their characters by an imputation of mercenary considerations—till their conversion might be attributed to principle alone.

Since the accession of the present family to the British throne, they were always friendly to the Roman Catholics. It was the abominable Stuart race who oppressed that people. His present Majesty, whom God Almighty long preserve, possesses principles of toleration worthy the King of a free people; and I might also observe that the principal personages of his confidence and councils have been distinguished for their liberality of sentiment.

sentiment. Every person must recollect, that when fanaticism lit the torch that set his metropolis in flames, the first characters of the law, church, and state, were the devoted objects of the rioters, for no other reason than their being the friends of toleration. While the horrid deed spread on "eagle's wings" this circumstance was considered throughout Europe as the noblest compliment that could be paid to his Majesty's government.

It is absurd, it is ridiculous to the last degree, to suppose that Presbyterians and Papists would wish the subversion of the present government and of our religion, because their mode of worship is not the established one of the state. Is it probable any event of that nature would render their situation better? The Presbyterians are an enlightened people, and recollect that they obtained no advantages by the demolition of Church and State in the reign of that unhappy man Charles I. I appeal to the Bishop's candor, if that people were not among the foremost for recalling monarchy, and though they were most ungratefully and undeservedly put under great disabilities afterwards, on account of their religious opinions, they have never been surpassed by any other description of his Majesty's subjects in their zeal for the support of the constitution.

But the Prelate makes no allowance whatever for the approved loyalty of either of those very respectable bodies, because he considers them inimical

mical to tithes. He attacks them both with virulence and invective, without regard either to candor or consistency: the principles of Presbyterians tend to subvert order, and "pull down an ecclesiastical establishment;" *ergo*, he opposes them;—on the contrary, the principles of the Roman Catholics "tend to set up" what Presbyterians would pull down, and *ergo*, he opposes them; and confidently asserts "from *these premises*, the conclusion is manifest; and in such times the plain truth must be spoken, and it is for the essential interest of the Protestant Dissenter, that the truth should be proclaimed, that of the three persuasions, the members of the established church alone, can be cordial friends to the entire constitution of this realm, with perfect consistency of principle. And without such consistency, no body of men can be entitled to national confidence." A *pretty compliment* to the Dissenters! *His premises* remind me of the story of a poor old man, his son, and his ass. Going into a town they both rode on the ass, till people shouted shame for both to ride on the creature at once. The old man alight, and his son was soon after hooted for riding and letting his poor old father walk. The son alight and the old man mounted, but he was also censured for riding, and letting his young son walk. They both then walked, and nevertheless, they were ridiculed by the mob. The old man, still willing to please all, if in his power, got two poles, and with the assistance of his son,

carried the ass; but all to no purpose, they were then reprobated for their folly and absurdity. So it is in some measure with my adversary, for let the Presbyterians or Roman Catholics hold what tenets they may, however opposite and contradictory, by a retrograde manœuvre, he wheels about, and twists and twines them to his purpose, with more dexterity than a flight of hand man. But it is unnecessary for me to be dwelling on such nonsense. However, I must take notice of the insult he offers to the understanding of the Presbyterians in the quotation just mentioned, wherein he says it is for their essential interest they should be informed of a truth, which is neither more or less than that they cannot be entitled to national confidence; and he subjoins a very *modest* request in the succeeding paragraph, that they will impute *his reflections* to the unhappy circumstances of the times, and not to a want of that liberal and christian spirit of toleration, which he feels in his breast!!!

In truth, I could write a whole volume on the many inconsistencies I observed in his pamphlet; notwithstanding the rapid sale it has experienced. I hope I have proved to the satisfaction of my readers, that all his arguments for the insecurity of the Protestant religion are groundless and visionary: In the firm persuasion, at least, that I have said enough to convince any candid, dispassionate man that they are so, I shall proceed to some general observations on the subject.

S E C T I O N III.

IN the advertisement to the reader, which precedes the pamphlet, that induced me to take up the pen, the author remarks, he had seen an address to the nobility and gentry of Ireland by a layman; in which many of the observations in his tract are anticipated with so much ability that the author would have struck them out, if they had not been necessary *to the chain of his argument*. I flatter myself I have sufficiently exposed the futility of his argument, if he can call it his, which was the layman's, and every other person's who ever wrote on the subject. Indeed, the argument he speaks of, has been so often made use of, that there was no occasion for him to take the trouble of writing his pamphlet. He should rather have republished the Farmer's Letters, Free Thoughts, &c. wherein are contained all the arguments he employed with respect to popery, and a great many more beside. Though he compliments the layman for his abilities, I declare I consider him as a

stupid blockhead, who substituted abuse and virulence for information and fair reasoning; besides being one of the most notorious plagiarists that ever put pen to paper. Notwithstanding my opinion of the bishop's talents is not very elevated, I declare I look on him as a bright luminary in the republic of letters, compared with the wretched scribbler of that vile heap of trash alluded to. The only thing I can perceive in it, is the robbery of innumerable authors, and a sanguinary propensity for persecution. Indeed, it served as a proper introduction for the Bishop's *peace-breathing mite*, which was executed in a violent hurry, as he cautiously observes with all the modesty of a virgin, who urges the hacknied excuse of a very great cold, when called on for a song. Nothing is more common than excuses of this nature; and, lest I should forget (for there are so many ideas floating in my imagination, that on my conscience I cannot pen the half of them) to apologize for the many inaccuracies I have been guilty of, before I go any farther I will assure you, gentle reader, that I never read a line of my M. SS. but sent them to the press hot from my brain.*

To

* *The Monthly Reviewers, I suppose from a mistake in the London Edition, made me say, "red hot from my brain." The following is their critique on the work.—*

"This

To the chain of his argument ! Immortal Berkeley, how much beneath thy benevolent heart would such a chain be ! If it is possible that thy gentle spirit could look down from Heaven on thy successor, certain I am it would be with sentiments of pity. I myself lament the part he has acted from the respect I bear him, and ardently pray he may renounce such illiberal doctrine, and become like unto thee, who wert the enlightened philosopher, and the benevolent Christian !

But I must inform my reader of a report that I have heard ; which is, that the layman was originally the son of a parish school-master, who lived and died a Roman Catholic, notwithstanding he
was

*" This whimsical production opens with an odd story,
" of the author being deluded by a treacherous friend,
" into an opposition to the late indulgence granted
" to the Roman Catholics, and of his being ruined by
" him. Little method is to be expected from a writer,
" who declares—" There are so many ideas floating in
" my imagination, that, on my conscience, I cannot
" pen the half of them ;"—and, " I will assure
" you, gentle reader, that I never read a line of my
" M. SS. but sent them to the press red hot from
" my brain." Mr. Griffith is of course a very eccen-
" tric penman ; he is a great enemy to tithes, contra-
" dicts the Bishop with little ceremony, disputes most of
" his representation of facts on his own knowledge,
" and tells his Lordship some home truths with a vast
" deal of blunt humour."*

was apparently a Protestant. As it is unnecessary for me to add a trait to his character, I shall only repeat the following lines, which were written on him some time ago, and all who know the *thing*, for it would be a prostitution of my own nature to call him a man, acknowledge the justice and propriety of the satire,——

—— Disdaining all disguise,
 Displays his meanness in his eyes ;
 And is so much devoid of art,
 His very visage speaks his heart ;
 Some share of praise is sure his due,
 Who looks a rogue, and is one too.

Such is the doughty hero who *steps out* before the Bishop to blow the trumpet of persecution ; though his own brother is a priest in France, and all the relations he has in the world are Roman Catholics.—True indeed he would not acknowledge them because they are poor ; but if they were in affluence, he would, like Macklin's Man of the World, be always a *booing* to them. Oh ! you unhappy wretch, who have not an individual you can call, brother, sister, cousin, or a relation of any sort whatever—nay not a friend if we except the Bishop, and another Prelate. What a miserable situation is this for a rational being !

I declare I would not take any notice of the pitiful wretch if the Bishop had not done him the honor of mentioning his pamphlet. He is beneath

neath my notice, though he is extolled to the skies by the Bishop, who says he is an able writer, and also, that his zeal for the preservation of the Protestant religion is entitled to the warmest gratitude from every friend of it, whether lay, like himself, or clerical, like the Bishop. His thirst of blood is *monstrously justified* in the sentence that “apprehensions for the safety of religion will naturally excite a *warmth*.” The Lord deliver me from such a *warmth*, good Prelate—it was a *warmth* your friend’s old father the parish school-master never felt. However, it is highly pleasing to you who seemed almost in as great a *heat* yourself, and consequently are as well entitled to the *warmest gratitude* for your *zeal* in the preservation of Protestantism. In pretty plain terms this Theophilus asserts, that poor O’Leary is an agitating friar and a Romish missionary, sent hither to sow sedition and spirit up a Popish banditti; and that he absolutely merits hanging more than Sheehy, who was formerly hanged and quartered in Clonmel, not for heading White-Boys, as that ignorant scribbler asserts, but for the murder of John of the Bridge, as he was called; though he was as innocent of the fact as the child unborn. However, he was the only clergyman out of the peal of the established church that ever I recollect to have heard of suffering, except for celebrating mass; and I believe Theophilus considers that a crime heinous enough to merit the *good offices* of a topsman, which I very much fear will be his fate sooner or later—the Lord convert him, from his wicked ways! Many
hundreds

hundreds of priests have been hanged, cut down alive, ripped open, their hearts and bowels thrown into their faces, ere the lamp of life was totally extinct—then thrown into a fire and burned to ashes, and their limbs severed and treated with all possible ignominy, both in England and Ireland, though no other offence had been proved against them than the celebration of mass, as was introduced into England by Austin, who first converted it from heathenism to christianity about the year 598. As to a dissenting minister, I never heard of one of them who suffered for any foul deed. But let us turn to the established clergy—Eternal God! what do we behold? not a crime that was ever recorded in a newgate calander, or that ever disgraced humanity, that some of them have not either suffered for, or at least been indicted for;—*forgeries, robberies, perjuries, rapes, adulteries, murders, suicide!*—nay, gentle reader, do not start or turn pale at the horrid recital, there is not a crime specified in the above *black schedule*, that I could not at this moment produce a case in point to prove my assertions, and I could name each man individually who had been guilty of each particular crime; but did I do so I must hurt the feelings of many particular friends for whom I have the greatest esteem;—nay what is more, I should be obliged to name a relation of my own amongst the delinquents. On my word, they are in general a disgrace to the national religion; and I fear they will ever continue so until their princely revenues

revenues are abridged similar to that in Scotland. It is horrible to reflect on their conduct, and to think at the same time that the church lands of this kingdom alone are more than double the entire revenues of a thousand clergymen in Scotland, infinitely their superiors, as I before observed, in piety and learning. O! ye Senators, take this subject into your most serious consideration, and leave not thousands upon thousands of your countrymen in misery on their account. Remember the advice of St. Peter to the Elders, to feed the flock of Christ, and to take the oversight thereof, not by constraint but willingly; and for *filthy lucre*. —Ye younger submit yourselves to the elders; yea, all of ye be subject one to another, and be cloathed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble—*ergo*, he hath given very little grace to the generality of our clergy, but he resisteth the most of them, as undoubtedly there are not prouder people under the canopy of Heaven than they are in general—indeed, they are so much so that I have with horror, observed some of them turn up their noses in the administration of the elements to the poorer sort of people.

I am ashamed to mention Theophilus and the Bishop together, but I cannot avoid it: They have both mangled O'Leary's writings and perverted them in a most ill-natured manner—one has asserted him to be the fomenter of sedition "an
"agitating friar," who ought to be hanged; the

Y

other

other does not say so much indeed; but he says it would be very difficult—nay, he carries it to an impossibility, to prove the contrary, because it is a *negative proposition*. He does not say O'Leary was sent hither on purpose to sow sedition; but his letters he asserts are calculated, and artfully contrived to produce such an effect; and then proceeds to quotations from his letters, to which he affixes a plausible meaning, diametrically opposite to the original. Were I but disposed to serve the Bishop in the same manner he served poor O'Leary, I would convince my readers, that his pamphlet was levelled against the Protestants of Ireland instead of the Presbyterians or Papists. But, as assertion is nothing, I will just give one example to prove how I might dissect his *reflections* as he calls them:—

“ It is evident (says he) that the National
 “ clergy are not paid by their parishioners, but by
 “ the public: and consequently the complaints made
 “ by some of the Dissenters of both communions,
 “ (that is, the Presbyterians and Papists) *or rather*
 “ *by others for them*, that they pay two clergymen,
 “ are ill-founded.”—Venerable, humane, and holy
 prelate, it is not disputed but tithes are paid by
 the public, which God of his infinite mercy grant
 may not long be the case; but I cannot comprehend
 your meaning when you say they are not paid
 by the parishioners of a parish. Ah, the most acute
 of the human senses, emphatically contradicts

dicts you—the Parishioners *feel*—they are made to *feel*—that they do pay Tithes, to the very letter of a law, which humanity should consign to oblivion; therefore, the assertion that they do pay two clergymen *is not ill founded*. But, he says the complaints are not made by the Dissenters of either communion; but *by others for them*; who then can those *others* be but Protestants? Is it not plain—is it not evident that neither Presbyterians or Papists were included in the word *others*? I do not say the Bishop intended to clear them—the contrary is the fact. However, he has done so to all intents and purposes; for *magna est veritas et prevalebit*. Is it not cruel then to abuse respectable bodies for crimes which they never committed, (i. e. complains against tithes) but which were the entire work of *others for them*?

In justice to O'Leary, I must insist he has used every argument which could have been *rationaly* employed to deter the deluded Right-Boys from their outrages. The most powerful reasons he assigned to influence them. He proved to them that their barbarous excesses could answer no other end, than that of subjecting them to the death of a gibbet. besides doing the most important injury to their cause. And although the Bishop *sneers* at his making a tender of his services to the Protestant clergy, to me it appears the strongest proof of the sincerity of his intentions. But what would be praise worthy in another, is reprobated as the act of a liberal and well-meaning friar;—a man esteemed by all ranks

and degrees of christians;—a man who has been a peace-maker, and a leveller of unnatural distinctions, now to my knowledge, near twenty years. For my part I have read all that gentleman's works, and could never perceive any thing in them exceptionable, but quite to the contrary. He certainly admits the peasantry were aggrieved; and can any man deny it?—are they not the most miserable helots under Heaven? Each of them is obliged to pay forty shillings for his ftye and potatoe-garden; and this he clears by working out with his landlord, at four-pence a day; as for his own ridge of potatoes, the sole support of himself and family, that he is obliged to till on Sundays. Is it not cruel then to exact the tenth of his only support—of his whole year's labour, and the labour of his wretched helpmate? Surely the beneficed clergy and fat pluritans, should rather charitably relieve those sons and daughters of affliction, than oppress them!

There is another grievance, under which the peasantry labour, which has distressed them exceedingly—the taking in and enclosing all the common-ages of the province of Munster: within these twenty years, it became fashionable for gentlemen of property to take possession of every commons contiguous to their estates, and drive the poor peasants' piggs and geese off, and annex them to their own lands; this was originally the cause of their risings; and hence it was that they were called Levellers, from their assembling at night, and levelling

velling those barriers, constructed by tyrants to deprive them of their Deodands, which the poor had held peaceable possession of for time immemorial. I remember myself large tracts of land in commonage even in my time, in the county of Tipperary, and which had been the chief support of many poor families, walled in by gentlemen of fortune, who without the least ceremony, precluded the poor from any benefit or participation whatever. In this instance the clergy themselves should have interfered, and prevented such act of oppression; instead of which, however, they encouraged and united with the powerful and opulent in those depredations on the property of the miserable and helpless children of affliction and poverty.—Thus it appears evidently, that the peasantry of Ireland were not the original aggressors; but that their first insurrections were owing to violations of the laws on the part of their superiors.”

I was ever of opinion that religion always suffered by disputation, and that it is highly imprudent for one communion to display the absurdity of another. Wranglings of this sort have frequently shaken christianity to its centre, and made infidels of men who otherwise might have lived and died within the pale of either religion. I am convinced from observations and reflections on men and things, that the only true way of making converts from Popery, if it be a desideratum (which from the enlightened complexion of the times, I hardly think worth bestowing a thought upon) is “neither to encourage
“ or

"or discourage it, but to cultivate literature." I therefore, very much condemn the principle of introducing the oath of a Popish Bishop at his consecration in the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet.—It naturally leads us to think of that taken by the Protestant Bishops; and the same reasons which induce us to condemn the former, will not lead us to admire the latter. I am always shocked at the recollection of those clergymen who canvass for a Bishoprick in this or the sister kingdom—with my whole heart I condemn the procedure, which is little better than a mockery of the Supreme Being. I shall just, my reader, give you a sketch of the process:—Before even any vacancy occurs, a clergyman who has interest with government exerts every nerve to obtain a promise from the minister, which sometimes he obtains, and sometimes he does not; however, on the demise of a Bishop, there are many candidates for the mitre.—The celebrated Mr. Fox never laboured more strenuously to circumvent his great rival Mr. Pitt, than they do to circumvent each other. However, the minister generally determines on the object very speedily, which is almost invariably the man, however unworthy, who has most interest. As soon as his choice is fixed, a *Compte d'elire*, by royal authority, passes the great seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of the vacant Bishoprick to elect a Bishop of that see. But this is only a farce, for the person is nominated by the minister whom they are to elect. However, they appoint a day, when they meet in the church, and invoke the assistance of Jesus Christ,

in the most solemn manner, to direct them in their determination, though in fact they have no more power to prefer a man they might deem worthy than I have; for they dare not oppose the will of the minister.—Blush, ye Deans and Chapters, blush!—

“C’est mensonge pour dire,

“Vous avez un *Conge d’elire*.”

When this *pious* address to their Saviour is finished, they elect the person whom the minister had directed them; and after supplicating Christ for his light and grace, to direct them in a choice they have no liberty of making—a choice already made for them by the minister—another day, by the same authority, is appointed for the consecration; and then comes on a scene, if possible, more painful to a contemplative christian than even the preceding. But I have already hinted at that, therefore, it is unnecessary for me to dwell any farther on it at present—I only alluded to it now, in order to shew my readers, the absurdity of the oath of a Popish Bishop can be equalled by those who boast a more enlightened education; but the *mole* can be easier discerned in the eye of another, than the *beam* in that of the censor.

In the hope a publication of my observations, on a subject of the first importance to the nation, may at this crisis be productive of some salutary effects, in exciting the commiseration of the legislature for
the

the wretched peasantry, who are plunged into outrages, not by a disaffected spirit to church or state, but by the most pressing necessities of nature, I have been induced to step forward, and should I have the happiness of being instrumental in alleviating their miseries, I shall deem it the greatest glory of my life.

EXTRACT

E X T R A C T
O F
THEOPHILUS'S LETTER
TO THE
A U T H O R,
WITH A
R E J O I N D E R.

THEOPHILUS

AND

JOHN

THEOPHILUS

E X T R A C T

O F

THEOPHILUS'S LETTER, &c.

SOME time after the original publication of the foregoing tract, relative to the Bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet, a scurrilous and infamous letter, addressed to me, made its appearance, with the signature of Theophilus. Not content with the grossest abuse of my character and person, the author had the cold cruelty to make a mockery of my misfortunes, insult my misery, and triumph in my fall—all which were comprehended in the very title page, which was as follows: "A Letter to Amyas Griffith, Esq. late Surveyor of the Beau Walk, Stephen's-Green, and formerly Inspector General of the Monitor, and of the Polite Conversation of Dodderidge and Vanthrump; occasioned by his late scurrilous pamphlet against the Bishop of Cloyne, Theophilus,

“and the Dignitaries of the established church :
 “ With some observations on the recent conduct
 “ of the Friar of the barbarous surname. By
 “ Theophilus.”

In taking a review of my life, the *candid* author accused me of libelling my own mother, and making her the subject of my “sarcastic, splenetic and envenomed pen.” He also accused me of tyranny, adultery and duplicity; and said I had ruined all the officers I could, who were under me. My hospitality he attributed to ostentation, and every trait in my character, which bore any resemblance to amiability, he perverted in order to render me odious, and to blast any idea of hope I might have of ever seeing better days, by representing me in such abominable colours to the world. Even my acquitting myself as a gentleman, whenever I had the misfortune of being called to a solemn appeal, furnished him with an opportunity of censure; and he said my promptitude in accepting challenges, prevented my being frequently chastised, as people did not chuse to venture their lives with *such a disciple*. In short, after tracing me to my late publication, with all the aids of malice and ill-nature, he proceeds in the following manner :

“ Thus, Amyas, have I attempted to delineate a sketch of your life. It were, indeed, impossible to do justice to its deformity. I may well say your meat was scandal,—your drink was iniquity. That
 you

you have some genius I allow ; but you invariably prostituted your talents to the vilest pursuits, and rendered such gifts a curse red as scarlet to society, which united to a better mind, would have been its ornament and delight. Your connections; did you not disgrace them, would have forwarded your interests, and fortune would have smiled on you with a lambent ray of sunshine on her countenance; true, you may say, without the assistance of your friends, you basked under her wings for a time,—you may say with the agitating friar of a barbarous surname, she trod in your steps and humoured your motions;—but, alas! how fickle and inconstant did she prove to you? Her smiles were like an April morning “clad under a midnight cloud!” which burst upon you at last, smote by the arm of justice, and cast you with your “shattered bark” on a rock, where you are left to perish without hope or consolation.

“ As a Surveyor of Stephen’s-Green, you stand unrivalled in the annals of any age or country. The polite conversation of Dodderidge and Vanthrump will immortalize you, in Ireland,—for there is scarce a family in the whole kingdom that has not too much reason to hand you down to posterity with execrations. Your shafts were more fatal and more cowardly than the stiletto of an assassin. It was not an individual you wounded. —a whole nation could not furnish victims enough to satiate your thirst for scandal. England, Scotland, all the British dominions,—nay, France, Spain,

Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, Italy, &c. &c. were ransacked for your infernal amusement. No wonder should the stones spontaneously spring from the pavements at your devoted head thicker than "Hail from Heaven." But in all the characters you held up to public view, it is worthy of remark, scarce in one instance did your pen give a lenient touch. Whatever is amiable or good in human nature could afford no subject matter to a pen like yours. Your element was scurrility, and abstracted from that, you were like a fish out of the water. Genius seemed to be conferred on you by nature to depreciate and to defame; for whenever you attempted to compliment or commend an individual, you executed the task so awkwardly, that every reader could perceive, "the author was a novice in the art of doing justice to virtue." In fact, it was not your forte Amyas, for you are a perfect stranger to the impulses of philanthropy. Nature formed you, like King Richard, a hater of the human race, for you have no brother; and custom and habit have established you a misanthrope. You cannot be angry with me for being thus severe, agreeable to the maxim you yourself gave a sanction to; "It would be highly ungenerous to expect I should be tenacious of combating the Bishop's arguments——because they are his——in every contest, whatever weapons are employed, a liberty of using them is the right of each combatant. The prelate and I fight not
" with

“ with swords but with pens.” * By the same rule, my dear and worthy friend, you and I may fight with our pens as long as we please. Very little indeed have I to expect from a contest with you, for though I should level you with your mother earth—

——— *demit honorum*

Æmulus Ajaci.

“ Were I publicly known, I should not do you the honour of thus dissecting you ; for your pen, envenomed as it is, could not wound me. I am not a parish school-master’s son,—I am not, nor never was, a papist—I was not at any period of my life a shop-boy to a linen draper—I never libelled any man—I have no brother a priest—in short, I do not in any respect answer the description you have given of me ; and therefore I repeat you could not wound me. You may draw an imaginary character, and hold that character up to public view, in colours the complection of your heart—amuse yourself and the town—but like Junius I will remain, “ though not unknowing yet unknown.” Falshood and calumny call fast to your aid,—Theophilus despises you, he detests and abhors “ such men as you.”

“ You see, Amyas, I indirectly allow you to be a man, and condescend to request you will inform

* See Amy’s *Observations on the Bishop of Cloyne’s pamphlet.*

me, should you answer this pamphlet, your reasons for not allowing me the same character. Can you say I am not as perfectly formed as you, though you think it would be a prostitution of your nature to call me a man. I have seen your face, Amyas, and confess I was not much prepossessed by it, in your favour. It is of that cast, that its smiles imperceptibly bad me "HAVE A CARE." I did not bask in your smiles, for you can smile I confess; the more I viewed them the more I trembled, and felt myself disposed to guard against secret mischief. But when you looked serious, a gallows and its agent emphatically struck my imagination. It appeared to me equally adapted for the victim or the officer of a gibbet. And again, when you frowned, I thought of that king of terrors—gloomy Pluto. In short, Amy, whatever way you looked, I was unhappy for the short time I was in your company; and, I assure you, whenever I recollected your looks, since, I was so much shocked, that I could not bear to be alone in the dark. On which account I have a taper in my chamber all night, as I am a batchelor, and sleep alone.

"Though we are thus fighting with pens, Amyas, I shall make one request of you: I observed some time ago, a paragraph in the Dublin Journal, purporting you were preparing to publish another edition of your pamphlet, with considerable alterations and additions, to which you would add a striking likeness of your immaculate self. Indeed,

Amyas,

Amyas, if you do, I anticipate evils without number to the rising generation. It is so common now-a-days for women great with child to stand looking at prints exhibited in shop windows, that the most dreadful consequences may well be apprehended, should your phiz shadow but a single pain in each shop. Abortions and monsters will fill the columns of our news papers, and the streets will resemble a rookery with widowers and orphans clad in the sable garb of woe. Ah! Amyas! have some bowels of compassion. "Detest all
 "mankind as you please, but have compassion at
 "least for the weaker vessel, that poor frail being
 "woman, and preserve her life and her child,
 "together, by omitting your likeness, and your
 "name will be ever hallowed by the women of this
 "land,"* You see I can deign, reptile as you are, to request a favour from you; not indeed on my own account, but for the good of my fellow creatures. In doing evil, you out do your friend the evil one's apothecary; but as to doing good you are a perfect Swift-Peter, as that wretched animal the sloth is ironically called. You out-herod Herod. All I ask is a negative good to society, that you may not do more mischief than Doderidge or Vanthrump ever did. I give you leave in return to propagate with impunity as much scandal as you please relative to myself. More ink will be spilled by our dissensions than blood, except you insist, as I own you may do with some feasibility, that ink and

* See *Amy's Observations*.

blood are all alike, for the juices of your heart are as black as your heart, and blacker than the ink with which I write this affectionate letter to you, my dear friend, AMYAS GRIFFITH, Esq.

“ But, Amyas, I am not ashamed of the production you and the Friar of the barbarous Surname have so grossly stigmatized. I had no private reasons for writing it; I thought it my duty to stand forward in the defence of the Established Church, when, I perceived Presbyterians and Papists, whose principles are as opposite as light and darkness, leagued for its demolition. I asserted there were Romish Missionaries and agitating Friars; I will now go farther, and pronounce on my own faith, in the face of the world, that there are also agitating ministers of the Presbyterian communion, who would readily unite with Papists in consigning our glorious constitution, the wisdom of ages, to ruins. Yes, I might say more, but there are some men whom my very ink could not blacken. Does not Campbell indirectly say his ministry only are entitled to tithes? Does not Barber indirectly say, popish clergy alone are intitled to tithes in Ireland? and does not the friar of the barbarous surname indirectly say, the established clergy are not intitled to tithes? Protestants, Protestants, this is no time for sleeping. The bloody standard is about to be erected, and a renovation of the massacre of 1641 will be acted if you do not keep the nails and claws of Presbyterians
and

and Papists clipt in such a manner as that they cannot wound you.

To hope the Presbyterians will be beat out of their predilection for Popery, were absurd; their temper is stubborn; from mere opposition to Protestantism they will persevere, and rather sink to the depths of perdition, than yield to wholesome counsel. Their system of religion is rank nonsense, yet they are peaceably suffered to enjoy it, and not only enjoy it, in the same uncircumscribed manner we enjoy ours, but also to hold places of trust and honour under our mild and moderate government. Yet they are not satisfied. They are all rebels in their natures. They sip sedition with their mother's milk, and no wonder they should be always ripe for insurrection. It is utterly impossible, as the worthy Prelate has observed, that they can with consistency of principle, be friendly to government: and I say, and insist on the fact, that they must be, with consistency of principle, enemies and traitors to the state. The same disposition which led them to butcher the ill fated Charles, they cherish, and ever will cherish in their bosoms. In the summer of 1784, was there a meeting of them where "a bloody summer and a headless king" was not their first and favourite toast? They are naturally hostile to monarchy; they have demonstrated it on every occasion, and their faces ought to be kept to the earth in subjection.

" You say, my good friend, that many priests have been hanged for saying Mass; yes, but they

were all like Presbyterians, traitors in their hearts; and convicted of crimes distinct from superstition. If they only practised their superstitions, they would not have suffered; but from the conduct of many of them, as well as their avowed principles, it was evident they were inimical to the established religion. Forcibly as the Bishop has proved that Presbyterians, with consistency of principle, cannot be friendly to our establishment, he might, with more energy, have insisted that priests are in a similar predicament. For the latter he had more arguments than the former; and therefore it is no wonder if, in the convulsions of the state, they were executed wherever they were found. They raised persecutions against themselves, for the honour of martyrdom, after which they panted; and it was but just to gratify them. From their principles they must have been dangerous to the state—therefore the state was justified by a principle of self preservation to use them as enemies. Perhaps it would be well if the same noble spirit actuated our present rulers—If ever it should be the case, eternal God grant Presbyterians and Papists may be dealt with according to their deserts!

“ST. SHEEHY, the notorious murderer and white boy, you have the impudence to assert, was sacrificed to the prejudices of the times; and the friar of the barbarous surname, following your example—treading in your steps, proclaims the man to be living, for whose murder he was executed. Mr. Toler, who is at present a member of parliament

liament, was high sheriff of the county when Sheehy was tried. He has declared lately in the House of Commons, that he impanelled a most respectable jury, and that he had been convicted on the clearest evidence. Yet you and the friar presume to assert the contrary, for which you justly merit the agency of the finisher of the law. I should laugh very heartily if you were convicted—then turned Papist, and was executed for the good old cause—to see your hair preserved, like St. Sheehy's, and handed with veneration from father to son, as a relic of St. Amy.

“ Indeed, Amyas, on that subject you have earned strangulation. You have opened wounds which the lenient hand of time had closed. You say, those who were concerned in the death of that man, a visible judgment pursued, and that they all died in undescribable misery. May their relations not forgive you such transcendent impiety! may they pursue you till you meet with a similar fate! Not content with reprobating the most sacred living characters, you open the tombs of the dead with your unhallowed hands, and hold up ashes to obloquy, which can no more defend than offend. The relations of those who slumber in the dust should whet daggers for your bosom, and drag you like another Cacus, from your den into daylight; there to inflict tortures on you who have ever gloried in inflicting them on others.

“ Left you should find fault with my stile of writing,

writing, on account of its being low, scurrilous, &c. I must inform you, I endeavoured to adopt it to the persons taste to whom it was addressed. Had I wrote in a genteeler stile I am certain you would not understand me; as it is, I have that to dread. But if it gives you one home pang, I shall be abundantly gratified. You said I was BLOODY MINDED—it is but preserving you from the imputation of a liar to assure you I thirst for blood——but it is for the blood of traitors, such as you.

“ The recent conduct of the friar of the barbarous surname, proves him to be a rebel in his heart. The cloven foot has appeared in his pamphlet—it breathes treason and sedition : and it is incumbent on the legislature to look to him in time.

“ The Presbyterians, whom you, caitiff, commend so much, are, and ever were, a stiff-necked generation of vipers. Their religion is a compound of absurdities, which they despise in their hearts, though they pretend to venerate it. They have often implored the Deity to pull down the bloody house of Bourbon—and now they implore him as fervently to pour benedictions on it. The laws of God are immutable; but the laws they ascribe to him are as changable as their appetites and passions.

“ But, why, to use a phrase of your own, “ do you lug in by the head and shoulders” the QUAKERS. Ungrateful wretches, who hold it
impious

impious to thank God even after meals. The hypocritical Presbyterian will chant a prayer as long as the psalms of David, after dinner, but the Quaker would not even say "God be praised." The Quakers are a proud fanatical set, who sprung from the dregs of the people. No man of worth or property ever joined them, but PENN and BARCLAY. The sect was established by a shoemaker's apprentice, who run away from him, and stole his bible. He was soon joined by wretches ignorant as himself, who despised religion and the common forms of civility. They worked themselves into such wild extacies, that their bodies would be convulsed,—hence they were called Quakers. They are a cunning people, who would not cheat nor defraud, but outwit the world; and, like Presbyterians, make religion subservient to their interests.—To prove their duplicity, were unnecessary—it is already notorious.

"Adieu, Amyas—conversion or a halter to you, is the ardent wish of your friend,

THEOPHILUS."

In some time after the publication of the foregoing *humane* and *elegant* production, an advertisement appeared in the public papers, signed by a bookseller of the name of Henry Watts, purporting that Theophilus was not the author of it. I
do

do not wonder that the junto of *holy scribes* should blush on reflection, and influence a bookseller to assert any thing that could wipe away so foul a stigma from their cause; nor am I displeased with Henry Watts for becoming their tool. My sources of information however are great; as my acquaintance is extensive with the literary gentlemen of Dublin; and very little can occur worth knowing in the republic of letters, without transpiring to one or other of them. Theophilus is but the *jackall* of the *reverend* junto;—my own relation, who is an archbishop, is very intimate with him, and he has openly declared it was only written for the *innocent* purpose of creating a *laugh*. Under such influence he wrote his first *philippic*, as an introduction for the bishop of Cloyne's pamphlet. "There are "wheels within wheels," though their *rotation* has produced neither honour or respect for the *spiritual heroes*, who, in the bosom of peace, rose up for the good of the church *en militant*.

The subject, however, as far as it alludes to me, is delicate. I do not wish to be made the herald of my own praise. Therefore I shall wave particularities, with a general assertion, that all his positions are false. The cowardly author may skulk from my resentment in his imaginary concealment. Confidence is sacred; I will not violate it. I shall only observe, that in the comedy of the Swaddler, where he accused me of traducing my mother, I never alluded to her. Nor in any of my employments was I ever a tyrant. My duty I did, but no more.

more. As a proof of which I am now (though fallen) respected by all the subjects, as well as by all the *honest* officers, who were in any wise connected with me, either as Inspector General of Munster or Surveyor of Excise in Belfast.

I need not be surprised to see the cruelty breathed in this letter, to which there was but an anonymous signature, when I consider that a prelate is not ashamed openly to lament, that amongst the thousands who *rebelled* against the church, by refusing to pay tithes, only two victims were consigned to the hands of the executioner. This sentiment is as great a *compliment* to the religion of the meek and mild Redeemer of men, as it is a *censure* on the judges and juries for hanging only two where they ought to have hanged many thousands. The same *congenial spirit* pervades all the champions of religion, which now belies its great definition, and instead of brothers, would make us mortal enemies to each other.

The Bishop of Cloyne asserted the Presbyterians could not with *consistency of principle*, be friendly to our establishments; Theophilus does not exceed him much in asserting that "with consistency of principle they must be enemies and traitors to the state." The former assertion comprehends the latter; for a man who *cannot* be my friend, *must* be my enemy. His abuse of that highly respectable people shews in *what light* they are held by the *venerable and holy bench*. However, I could wish from my heart, that our own religion was as desti-

tute of absurdity as that of the Presbyterians, which it was not the first time for the Archbishop of — to define “a compound of absurdities.” But it is not to *argue religion* I sat down; the rights of mankind I only plead for. They are invaded by the established church. Its ministry wish to extirpate or embroil those who differ in opinion with them; and even the inoffensive Quakers, whose manners reach nearest to primitive simplicity, cannot escape crimination. Theophilus accuses them of impiety and ingratitude to their God. Would to Heaven the clergy of the established church equalled them in the nobler deeds of liberality and benevolence. The Quakers of Ireland have recently set an example worthy the benedictions of our latest posterity. They have set on foot a charitable institution amongst themselves “to enable the peasantry of Munster to bear up against the oppressions of the established church.” Hear this, ye advocates of tithes, and relent;—Hear it ye *holy bishops*, and blush to be outdone in humanity!—the Quakers have won immortal glory for themselves, where you have only reaped obloquy and disgrace.

As in my last tract I argued in the general defence of mankind, as well as for the right of private opinion, it is unnecessary for me to go over the same ground. I shall, therefore, say all that can be said on the matter in a few words. Arguments calculated to prove dissenters from the established church (including every religion and sect)

cannot,

cannot, with *consistency of principle*, be friendly to the state, must be pointed to the human heart, and not to the principles of any religious description: Because as SELF is concerned, SELF will influence; and Turks or Pagans, were their interests equally consulted by the state, would be harmless and loyal subjects; and *vice versa*, Protestants themselves would be dangerous and discontented citizens in any state, where they were of sufficient strength, were they oppressed by a cold and cruel code of penal statutes. Make, ye legislators of the world! make it, I say, the interest of all the subjects of your respective states to be loyal, and take my word for it they will be so—they must be so on every principle of human nature.

But I really cannot pass over that part of Theophilus's letter, where he attempts to justify the state for hanging such priests as were merely convicted of the *crime* of saying or celebrating mass; because I know there were several members of the *holy bench* who coincided with him on that head. "The priests (says Theophilus) raised persecutions against themselves for the honour of martyrdom, after which they panted, and it was but just to gratify them." Thus he justifies *persecutions* as easily as the Bishop of Cloyne justifies the *warmth* in which he wrote. For my part, I feel it extremely disagreeable to enter on this subject. I would wish to consign it to oblivion; but there is a fatal necessity of recurring to the chronicles of

those days to which he alludes, as well to prove how ruinous the interference of ecclesiastics with civil polity may be, as to work in my readers a detestation of the dreadful crimes of bigotry and prejudice.

The Roman Catholics have been often charged with the innocent blood of Protestants, and the reign of Mary has been stained with murders. However the policy of that sanguinary prelate Gardiner, rather than his religion, spilled the blood of all the unfortunate victims of that reign. Is it just to charge the religion of any man with the turpitude or cruelty of his heart? No, certainly. The policy of Bishop Gardiner, whose heart qualified him for a *mitre*, shed innocent blood; perhaps the policy of *modern prelates*, were they intoxicated with such power as he had in his hands, would do the same even in these enlightened days. Religion in good men, makes no distinction; and bad men will be often callous to the influence of the most perfect systems of morality. Bishop Gardiner was a bad man—Leicester was the same. However, candour obliges me to confess, that there was, in the dominion of ignorance, a better reason in nature for the punishment of novel, than of old and received opinions.

Thou arch-fiend, prejudice, how I detest thee from my soul, when I look over the bloody pages of thy deeds! Happy for mankind thou hast lost thy influence; and may all the maledictions of the
Eternal

Eternal blast the pen who would revive thee, not only from the hand of the impious Theophilus, but even from the hand of a consecrated incendiary, should he attempt to wield it in defence of thy dominion !

In order to inspire my readers with the feelings of my heart, I shall recount well authenticated facts, which have more than once brought tears into my eyes. To prove that principle was not at all concerned in those butcheries, it is only necessary to observe, that some of the principal actors in the barbarities of the reign of Mary, were also foremost in spilling the blood which was shed in Elizabeth's ; and had the standard of Mahomet prevailed, they would have made the same sacrifices at his shrine, (were they sanctioned by popular prejudices) to support themselves in power—"such havoc could ambition make!"

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, she was apparently a Roman Catholic : however, she endeavoured to get a parliament returned favourable to the Reformation ; and to encourage her party, she was present in the House of Commons when the question was agitated ; where, after all it was carried only by a majority of six voices. Such of the clergy as would not reform, were immediately deprived of their livings, and sent into banishment or prison ; so that with this deprivation of clergy, of which the kingdom was remarkably thin at that period, the indispensable necessity of a speedy supply

supply, and the backward state of learning, the church was obliged to be *recruited*, as Dr. Heylin observes, with ignorant and illiterate clergy, whose learning went no further than the liturgy or the book of Homilies. In this misfortune originated all the subsequent butcheries; for they hardly preached on any other subject than that of persecution; and by that means diffused such prejudices as this enlightened age has not yet perfectly eradicated in that kingdom. Precautions were likewise taken to exclude Catholics from the universities, and prevent their qualifying for priesthood; so that in a little time there were few priests in England. Besides penal laws were instituted, by which it was made *high-treason* to be reconciled to the church of Rome, or to advise or reconcile any one to it; high treason for priests to remain in the kingdom, and felony to entertain or assist them. See Eliz. 27. It was easy to reconcile such sanguinary statutes to human nature, debased by prejudices and bigotry; however, to justify them as far as possible to surrounding nations, *political conspiracies* were formed, similar to that of Titus Oates. Mr. Camden in his Elizabeth, says the Queen herself knew they were fictitious. All the tortures that could be devised for the unhappy victims—rackings to the extreme of agony, and to the destitution of all sense of feeling, were but preludes to the sledge,—the gibbet,—the knife, and the fire, for twenty-six years of
the

the reign of Elizabeth, to blacken which, the royal blood of Mary is sufficient.

Such persecutions naturally confirmed the attachment of Roman Catholics to their religion; and a seminary being instituted in Doway for English pupils, numbers repaired there for education and priesthood, in order to return to England, and seal their principles with their blood. Their errors were those of ignorance—but their virtue and constancy could not be exceeded by the most perfect of the primitive christians in the hour of martyrdom. They went to Doway, urged by conscience alone, to prepare for tortures and the death of traitors, rather than let their religion be totally extinct in England. What greater proof of virtue and integrity can the history of mankind afford?

From the year 1577 to 1603 the last of Elizabeth's reign, one hundred and twenty five priests are on the bloody records. All those were drawn to execution tied down on sledges, hanged sometimes till nearly dead, and sometimes cut down in a few minutes, then their hearts cut out of their bodies writhing in the pangs of death, and thrown into a fire—their bowels thrown in their faces—their heads cut off, and their bodies cut into four distinct quarters, boiled in coppers for the purpose, and afterwards, either hung up as food for the fowls of the air, or most ignominiously disposed of; these are facts recorded in the calenders of the
different

different jails of England ; the cruelty of which was heightened by previous wreckings and torture. Add to the butchery of those, all the laity who were hanged for entertaining them, or offering them the smallest relief, and who can refrain from execrating *prejudice* ?

The following is a copy of the indictments generally drawn up in that reign against Priests :—

“ The Jury present on the part of our sovereign
 “ lady the queen, that ——— late of
 “ ——— born within this kingdom of England,
 “ was made and ordained Priest by authority derived and pretended from the see of Rome,
 “ not having the fear of God before his eyes, and
 “ flighting the laws and statutes of this realm of
 “ England, without any regard to the penalty
 “ therein contained, on the ——— day of ——— in
 “ the year of the reign of our lady the Queen, at
 “ ——— in ———, traitorously, and as a false
 “ traitor, to our said lady the Queen, was, and remained contrary to the form of the statute in
 “ such case made and provided, and contrary to
 “ the peace of our said lady the Queen, her crown
 “ and dignities.”

Amongst the many victims of this reign, a poor Jesuit and a poet, of the name of Walpole, excites peculiar commiseration. After being canted from jail to jail, he was sent to the tower of London, where he suffered the greatest poverty and misery ; insomuch that the lieutenant of the
 tower,

tower, though a cruel wretch, enquired if he had any friends to relieve him. He was, in a rigorous season, without cloaths or bed ; and had been tortured fourteen times. This was generally done by hanging the victim by the hands for hours, with irons so disposed as to cut and torture them. Several died by this species of torture in the tower and other places. Thence poor Walpole was sent to York, where he was shortly after tried. I am induced to give the following account of his trial.

I FIND, my Lords, I am accused of Two
‘ or Three things.

1st. ‘ That I am a *Priest*, ordained by the authority of the see of *Rome*.

2^{dly}. ‘ That I am a *Jesuit*, or one of the society of *Jesus*.

3^{dly}. ‘ That I returned to my country to exercise the ordinary acts of these two callings ; which are no other than to gain souls to God.

‘ I will shew, that none of these Three Things can be treason ; Not the being a Priest, which is a dignity and office instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and given by him to his Apostles, who were Priests, as were also the holy Fathers and Doctors of the Church, who converted and instructed

‘ the world : And the first teachers who brought
 ‘ over the English nation to the light of the Gospel,
 ‘ were also Priests; so that were it not for Priests,
 ‘ we should all be Heathens; consequently to be a
 ‘ Priest can be no treason.

‘ Judge Beamont here spoke ; indeed, said he,
 ‘ the merely being a Priest or Jesuit, is no treason,
 ‘ but what makes you a traitor, is your returning
 ‘ into the kingdom against the laws. If to be a
 ‘ Priest, said Father Walpole, is no treason, the
 ‘ executing the office, or doing the functions of a
 ‘ Priest, can be no treason. But if a Priest, said
 ‘ the Judge, should conspire against the person of
 ‘ his Prince, would not this be treason? Yes, said
 ‘ Father Walpole ; but then neither his being
 ‘ a Priest, nor the following the duties of his
 ‘ calling, would make him a traitor; but the com-
 ‘ mitting of a crime contrary to the duty of a
 ‘ Priest; which is far from being my case.

‘ You have been, said Beamont, with the king
 ‘ of Spain, and you have treated and conversed with
 ‘ Parsons and Holt, and other rebels and traitors to
 ‘ the kingdom; and you have returned hither con-
 ‘ trary to the laws; and therefore you cannot deny
 ‘ your being a traitor. Father Walpole replied,
 ‘ To speak or treat with any person whatsoever out
 ‘ of the kingdom, can make me no traitor, as
 ‘ long as no proof can be brought, that the
 ‘ subject about which we treated was treason; nei-
 ‘ ther can the returning to my native country, be
 ‘ looked

‘ looked upon as a treason, since the cause of my
 ‘ return was not to do any evil, either to the Queen
 ‘ or to the kingdom.

‘ Our laws appoint, said Beamont, that a Priest
 ‘ who returns from beyond the seas, and does not
 ‘ present himself before a justice, within three days,
 ‘ to make the usual submissions to the Queen’s
 ‘ Majesty, in matters of religion, shall be deemed
 ‘ a traitor. Then I am out of the case, said Father
 ‘ Walpole, who was apprehended before I had been
 ‘ one whole day on English ground.’

The Jury returned a verdict guilty, he accordingly received sentence on Saturday, and was executed the Monday following. He had been little more than stunned by hanging, when he was cut down, dragged on a block, and there dismembered, bowelled and quartered. He suffered this death the 7th of April, 1595.

I was also greatly moved with the following letter, written by a poor priest, who suffered a similar death before in the same place. The letter was addressed to his mother, and written a day or two before his execution.

Most dear and loving Mother,

‘ **S**EEING that by the severity of the laws, by
 ‘ the wickedness of our times, and by
 ‘ God’s holy ordinance and appointment, my days
 ‘ in this life are cut off; of duty and conscience I
 C c 2 ‘ am

' am bound (being far from you in body, but in
 ' spirit very near you) not only to crave your daily
 ' blessing, but also to write these few words unto
 ' you. You have been a most loving, natural and
 ' careful mother unto me: You have suffered great
 ' pains in my birth and bringing up: You have
 ' toil'd and turmoil'd to feed and sustain me your
 ' first and eldest child: And, therefore, for these
 ' and all other your motherly cherishings, I give
 ' you, (as it becometh me to do) most humble and
 ' hearty thanks; wishing that it lay in me to shew
 ' myself as loving, natural and dutiful a son, as
 ' you have shewn yourself a most tender and care-
 ' ful mother. But I cannot express my love, shew
 ' my duty, declare my affection, testify my good-
 ' will towards you; so little am I able to do, and
 ' so much I think myself bound unto you. I had
 ' meant this Spring to have seen you, if God had
 ' granted me my health and liberty: But now
 ' never shall I see you, or any of yours, in this
 ' life again; trusting yet in Heaven to meet you,
 ' to see you, and to live everlastingly with you.

' Alas! sweet mother, why do you weep? Why
 ' do you lament? Why do you take so heavily my
 ' honourable death? Know you not that we are
 ' born once to die; and that always in this life we
 ' must not live? Know you not how vain, how
 ' wicked, how inconstant, how miserable this life
 ' of ours is? Do you not consider my calling, my
 ' estate, my profession? Do you not remember
 ' that I am going to a place of all pleasure and fe-
 ' licity?

'licity? Why then do you weep? Why do you
 'mourn? Why do you cry out? But perhaps you
 'will say, I weep not so much for your death, as I
 'do for that you are hanged, drawn and quar-
 'tered: My sweet mother, it is the favourablest
 'honourablest and happiest death that ever could
 'have chanced unto me. I die not for knavery,
 'but for verity: I die not for treason, but for re-
 'ligion: I die not for any ill demeanor or offence
 'committed, but only for my faith, for my con-
 'science, for my priesthood, for my blessed Saviour
 'Jesus Christ: And, to tell you truth, if I had
 'ten thousand lives, I am bound to lose them all,
 'rather than to break my faith, to lose my soul,
 'to offend my God. We are not made to eat,
 'drink, sleep, to go bravely, to feed daintily, to
 'live in this wretched vale continually; but to
 'serve God, to please God, to fear God, and to
 'keep his commandments; which when we cannot
 'be suffered to do, then rather must we chuse to
 'lose our lives, than to desire our lives.

'Neither am I alone in this kind of suffering;
 'for there have of late suffered Twenty or Twen-
 'ty-two Priests, just, virtuous and learned men,
 'for the self same cause for the which I do now
 'suffer. You see Mr. James Fenn and John Bodie
 'are imprisoned for religion; and I dare say they
 'are desirous to die the same death which I shall
 'die. Be contented, therefore, good mother, stay
 'your weeping, and comfort yourself that you have
 'borne a son that hath lost his life and liberty for
 'God

' God Almighty's sake, who shed his most precious blood for him. If I did desire or look for preferment or promotion, credit or estimation in this world, I could do as others do : But, alas ! I care not for this trish trash, I contemn this wretched world ; I detest the pleasures and commodities thereof ; and only desire to be in Heaven with God ; where I trust I shall be, before this my last letter comes to you.

' Recommend me to my father-in-law, to my brethren, to Andrew Gibbon's mother, and to Mrs. Bodie, and all the rest. Serve God, and you cannot do amiss. God comfort you. Jesus save your soul, and send you once to Heaven. Farewel good Mother, farewell ten thousand times, Out of *York Castle* the 10th of *March*, 1583.

' *Your most loving and obedient Son,*

' WILLIAM HART.'

From this letter we may plainly perceive the absurdity of punishing a man on account of his religious principles ; if he be a man of honour or integrity, all the rigours of human laws cannot divert him from the road which conscience leads him to ; but on the contrary, must attach him the more forcibly to it, as the annals of that reign demonstrate. Nor was this spirit of persecution directed only to the Priesthood ; on the most trivial circumstances of harbouring any person who took orders in the church of Rome, death was the certain

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tain consequence. Nay, if a man was suspected of being a Catholic, he was immediately apprehended, and if he refused to conform, condemned as a traitor. This was the fate of a Mr. Kirby, who when interrogated, acknowledged himself a Catholic, and accordingly received the usual sentence. The following account of his execution may not be unentertaining to my readers :

‘ On his way to the place of execution, he was
 ‘ met by the Earl of Rutland and Captain Whitlock
 ‘ on horseback, who, coming to the hurdle, asked
 ‘ him, What he was, of what age, and for what
 ‘ cause he was to die ? He answered, My name is
 ‘ John Rigby, a poor gentleman of the house of
 ‘ Harrock in Lancashire : My age about thirty
 ‘ years ; and my judgment and condemnation to
 ‘ this death, is only and merely for that I answered
 ‘ the Judge that I was reconciled, and for that I
 ‘ refused to go to church. The Captain wished
 ‘ him to do as the Queen would have him, and
 ‘ conform ; and turning to the sheriff’s Deputy, con-
 ‘ ferred with him about the matter. Then riding
 ‘ again with the Earl to the hurdle, and causing it
 ‘ to be stopped a little, he asked Mr. Rigby, Are
 ‘ you a married man or a batchelor ? Sir, said he,
 ‘ I am a batchelor ; and more than that, I am a
 ‘ maid : That is much, said the Captain, for a
 ‘ man of your years ; you must have strove much
 ‘ against your own flesh. I would be loath, said
 ‘ Mr. Rigby, to speak any thing contrary to the
 ‘ truth : I am indeed a maid, and that is more than
 ‘ I needed

' I needed to say. The Captain concluded, Then
 ' I see thou hast worthily deserved a virgin's crown :
 ' I pray God send thee the kingdom of Heaven :
 ' I desire thee pray for me. And so they rid to the
 ' place of execution, and stayed there till the offi-
 ' cers were about to drive away the cart, and then
 ' posted away, much admiring his courage and
 ' constancy. The Captain often related these par-
 ' ticulars, and declared, that he had never seen his
 ' fellow for modesty, patience and resolution in his
 ' religion.

' When Mr. Rigby was taken off the hurdle,
 ' the Executioner helped him up into the cart, and
 ' he gave him an angel of gold, saying, Here
 ' take this in token that I freely forgive thee
 ' and all others that have been accessary to my
 ' death. Then the Deputy asked him, What trai-
 ' tors dost thou know in England? God is my wit-
 ' ness, said he, I know none. What! said the
 ' Deputy again, if he will confess nothing, drive
 ' away the cart; which was done so suddenly, that
 ' he had no time to say any thing more, or recom-
 ' mend his soul again to God, as he was about to
 ' do.

' The Deputy shortly after commanded the hang-
 ' man to cut him down, which was done so soon,
 ' that he stood upright on his feet, like to a man
 ' a little amazed, till the butchers threw him down :
 ' Then coming perfectly to himself, he said aloud
 ' and distinctly, God forgive you. Jesus receive
 ' my

' my soul. And immediately another cruel fellow
 ' standing by, who was no officer, but a common
 ' porter, set his foot upon Mr. Rigby's throat, and
 ' so held him down, that he could speak no more.
 ' Others held his arms and legs whilst the execu-
 ' tioner dismembered and bowelled him. And
 ' when he felt them pulling out his heart, he was yet
 ' so strong that he was struggling with the men who
 ' held his arms. At last they cut off his head and
 ' quartered him, and disposed of his head and
 ' quarters in several places in and about *Southwark*.
 ' The people going away, complained very much
 ' of the barbarity of the execution; and generally
 ' all sorts bewailed his death.'

His execution is mentioned by *Howes* upon *Stowe*, in his chronicle.

On the death of Elizabeth, James the First
 ascended the throne. Under him the catholics
 hoped for better days; and in fact he was dispo-
 sed to mercy. But prejudices against them were
 so strongly ingrafted in the minds of the people,
 that the diadem would have been torn from his
 brow did he refuse the popular gratification of
 catholic blood. The political Cecil, in order to
 excite a detestation in his royal mind against
 popery, found means to engage a few catholics of
 the most desperate characters, in the gun-powder
 plot. But as soon as every thing was ripe, he
 sent a letter to Lord Mounteagle, of whose inti-

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macy with the king the wicked Cecil was jealous, warning him against the pending danger. Cecil was in hopes as Monteagle was in his heart a Catholic, that he would keep his mind to himself, as he might afterwards establish against him a charge of high treason; but he was mistaken. This has appeared by his papers after his death. The author of the Political Grammar, who was like myself a candid protestant, is clear on this head; as is also Mr Osborn, who speaks of it as a neat device of the secretary; and the king himself was so well convinced of the fact, that he always called its commemoration "Cecil's holiday." However it answered the minister's object—it increased prejudices against the unhappy Catholics and it was deemed the utmost of human virtue to be active in the apprehension of their clergy. It was indeed with reluctance the king signed their death warrants. About twenty priests were hanged in his reign, exclusive of the laity. The cruelty observed in the infliction of death, conveys a strong idea of the temper of the times. A Mr. Flathers, convicted of having received priesthood, suffered in York in March, 1607. He was butchered in a most barbarous manner; for he was no sooner turned off the ladder, but he was cut down, and rising upon his feet, he was staggering about, when one of the sheriff's men struck him on the head with a halbert, and he was deliberately dragged over to the block, which was covered with straw for the purpose, and dissected alive.

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On the accession of Charles the First, he was also much averse to blood; but the preachers of religion were trembling for the growth of popery, and he was obliged to yield to the general voice. Thirteen Priests during this reign suffered death as traitors, and many more received sentence, but were afterwards suffered to linger in prison through the compassion of the king, who became so odious on that account, to the people, that nothing was to be heard of but murmurings and discontents, which were fanned by both houses of parliament, particularly the commons. A Priest of the name of Goodman being convicted, was reprieved by the king; both houses of parliament sent remonstrances to him against this act of mercy. His Majesty in his answer, informed them, that he had enquired into the names and nature of the crimes of the persons convicted at the last sessions; and finding that John Goodman was condemned for being in orders of a Priest merely, and acquitted of the charge of perverting the king's people, he was tender of his blood, as he had never been convicted or banished before; and proposed either banishing him or imprisoning him for life. This inflamed Parliament the more, and Lord Littleton delivered a second remonstrance, urging the necessity of his death. While the king was irresolute, he received a petition from the unhappy Goodman, the generosity of whose soul must have soared beyond humanity, when he could voluntarily have penned it.

But, as I cannot bring myself to pass over this matter lightly, I shall give it entire, from *Nelson's Collections*, Vol. I. p. 738.

‘ Monday, *January* the 25th.

‘ Mr. Hide reports from the conference with the
‘ Lords, the King’s message about Goodman the
‘ Priest, and the expulsion of the Priests and Je-
‘ suits, as follows.

‘ His Majesty having informed himself by the
‘ Recorder, of the names and natures of the crimes
‘ of the persons convicted at the last sessions; and
‘ there finding that John Goodman was condemned
‘ for being in orders of a Priest *merely*, and was ac-
‘ quitted of the charge of perverting the King’s
‘ people in their belief, and had never been con-
‘ demned or banished before: His Majesty is ten-
‘ der in matters of blood in cases of this nature, in
‘ which Queen Elizabeth and King James have
‘ been *often* merciful: But to secure his people, that
‘ this man shall do no more hurt, he is willing that
‘ he be imprisoned or banished, as their Lordships
‘ shall advise; and if he return into the kingdom,
‘ to be put to execution without delay.—And he
‘ will take such fit course for the expulsion of other
‘ Priests and Jesuits, as he shall be counselled unto
‘ by your Lordships, &c.

‘ The effect of the aforesaid conference of the
‘ Lords and Commons was, that the Lords, at their
‘ Petition, resolved to concur with the Commons in

‘ a joint

‘ a joint Remonstrance to his Majesty, both that
 ‘ Goodman might be executed, and the laws put in
 ‘ execution against all other Priests and Jesuits.

‘ Friday, *January* the 29th.

‘ This day the two Houses waited upon his Ma-
 ‘ jesty with their Remonstrance, which the Lord
 ‘ Keeper Littleton delivered to the King, and was
 ‘ in the following words.

‘ May it please your Majesty,

‘ Your loyal subjects the Lords and Commons
 ‘ humbly represent to your gracious consideration,
 ‘ that Jesuits and Priests ordained by authority
 ‘ from the see of Rome, remaining in this realm,
 ‘ by a statute made in the 27th of Queen Eliza-
 ‘ beth are *declared traitors, and to suffer as traitors.*

‘ That it is enacted in the first year of King
 ‘ James, that all Statutes made in the time of
 ‘ Queen Elizabeth against Priests and Jesuits be
 ‘ put in execution: And for a farther assurance of
 ‘ the due execution of these laws, the Statute of the
 ‘ third year of King James *invites men to the disco-*
 ‘ *very of offenders, by rewarding them with a conside-*
 ‘ *rable part of the forfeiture of the recusant's estate:*
 ‘ So that the Statute of Queen Elizabeth is not on-
 ‘ ly approved, but by the judgments of several
 ‘ Parliaments in the time of King James of happy
 ‘ memory *adjudged fit and necessary* to be put in ex-
 ‘ ecution.—That the putting these laws in ex-
 ‘ ecution tendeth not only to the preservation and
 ‘ advancement

‘ advancement of the true religion established in
 ‘ this kingdom, but also the safety of your Ma-
 ‘ jesty’s person, and the security of the govern-
 ‘ ment, which were the principal causes of the
 ‘ making of the laws against Priests and Jesuits,
 ‘ &c.

‘ Then they proceed to inform his Majesty,
 ‘ that some Priests and Jesuits had been executed
 ‘ in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James.
 ‘ That the reprieve of John Goodman the Priest,
 ‘ had given great disgust to the city of London.
 ‘ That it was found that the said Goodman had
 ‘ been twice formerly committed and discharged ;
 ‘ that his residence afterwards in or about London,
 ‘ was in absolute contempt of his Majesty’s procla-
 ‘ mation: That he had been sometime a minister
 ‘ of the church of England, and consequently he
 ‘ is an apostate,——and they humbly desire that a
 ‘ speedy course may be taken for the due execu-
 ‘ tion of the laws against Priests and Jesuits.——
 ‘ And lastly, that Goodman the Priest be left to
 ‘ the justice of the laws.

‘ Wednesday, *February* the 3d.

‘ This day the two Houses were ordered to at-
 ‘ tend his Majesty in the Banqueting-house at
 ‘ Whitehall, where he delivered himself in these
 ‘ words.

‘ Having taken into my serious consideration,
 ‘ the late Remonstrance of the Houses of Parlia-
 ‘ ment, I give you this answer.

‘ I take

‘ I take in good part your care of the true religion established in this kingdom, from which I will never depart.—It is against my mind that Popery or superstition should any way encrease; and I will restrain the same by causing the laws to be put in execution. I am resolved to provide against the Jesuits and Priests, by setting forth a proclamation with all speed, commanding them to depart the kingdom within *one month*, &c.

‘ Lastly, concerning John Goodman the Priest, I will let you know the reason why I reprieved him. That, as I am informed, neither Queen Elizabeth nor my father did ever *avow** that any Priest in their time was executed merely for Religion, which to me seems to be this particular case. Yet seeing that I am pressed by both Houses to give way to his execution; because I will avoid the inconveniency of giving so great a discontent to my people, as I conceive this mercy may produce, therefore I remit this particular cause to both Houses. But I desire them to take into their consideration the inconveniency which, as I conceive, may fall upon my subjects, and other Protestants abroad: Especially since it may seem to other states to be a severity; which having thus represented, I think myself discharged from all ill consequences that may ensue upon the execution of this person.’ So far the King.

‘ The next day his Majesty communicated to the

* A proof it was not from principle they acted, when they would be ashamed to acknowledge it.

‘ the House of Lords a Petition sent to him by
‘ Mr. Goodman, of the following tenor.

‘ *To the King’s most Excellent Majesty.*

*The humble Petition of John Goodman condemned,
humbly sheweth,*

‘ **T**HAT whereas your Majesty’s Petitioner hath
‘ been informed of a great discontent in
‘ many of your Majesty’s subjects, at the gracious
‘ mercy your Majesty was freely pleased to shew
‘ unto your Petitioner, by suspending the execution
‘ of the sentence of death pronounced against your
‘ Petitioner, for being a *Roman Priest* ; these are
‘ humbly to beseech your Majesty, rather to remit
‘ your Petitioner to their mercy, than to let him
‘ live the subject of so great discontent in your peo-
‘ ple against your Majesty ; for it hath pleased
‘ God to give me his grace to desire with the
‘ prophet, *That if this storm was raised for my sake,*
‘ *I may be cast into the sea, that others may avoid the*
‘ *tempest.*

‘ This is, most sacred Sovereign, the Petition of
‘ him that should esteem his blood well shed, to
‘ cement the breach between your Majesty and your
‘ subjects upon this occasion.

‘ *Ita Testor,*

‘ JOHN GOODMAN.’

This uncommon greatness of mind, as it very
much moved the King, so it seems to have silenced
the

the Parliament. And the poor man was suffered to linger in Newgate, where he died in 1645.

A Roman Catholic woman of some respectability in that reign, who, as they term it, dedicated her life to religion, sent the following account to Doway of the death of a Mr. Hugh Green, a Priest; her name was Elizabeth Willoughby; and notwithstanding the monkish manner she relates the circumstances, little doubt can be entertained of their authenticity, especially as there are other creditable authorities in support of the facts. This Mr. Green suffered at Dorchester on the 19th of August, 1642. Having given an account of his conduct till he ascended the ladder, she proceeds :

‘ Then he called to me, and desired me to commend him heartily to all his fellow-prisoners, and to all his friends. I told him I would, and that some of them were gone before him, and with joy expected him. Then on my knees I humbly begged his benediction; so did five more of *ours*, and he cheerfully gave us his blessing. Then one Gilbert Loder, an Attorney, asked him, If he did not deserve death, and believe his death to be just? To which he replied, *My death is unjust*: So pulling his cap over his face, his hands joined before his breast, in silent prayer he expected almost half an hour his happy passage, by the turning of the ladder, for not any one would put a hand to turn it, although the sheriff had spoken to many. I heard one bid him do it him-

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' self. At length he got a country clown, who
 ' presently, with the help of the hangman, (who
 ' sat astride on the gallows) turned the ladder,
 ' which being done, he was noted by myself and
 ' others to cross himself three times with his right
 ' hand, as he hanged ; but instantly the hangman
 ' was commanded to cut him down with a knife
 ' which the constable held up to him stuck in a
 ' long stick, although I and others did our utter-
 ' most to have hindered him. Now the fall which
 ' he had from the gallows, not his hanging, did
 ' greatly stun him ; for that he had willed the
 ' hangman to put the knot of the rope at his poll,
 ' and not under his ear, as it is usual. The man
 ' that was to quarter him was a timorous unskilful
 ' man, by trade a barber, and his name was Bare-
 ' foot, whose mother, sisters, and brothers, are
 ' devout Catholics ; he was so long about dismem-
 ' bering him, that his senses perfectly returned, and
 ' he raised his cap, and took Barefoot by the hand,
 ' to shew, as I believe, that he forgave him ; but
 ' the people pulled him down with the rope which
 ' was about his neck : Then did this butcher cut
 ' his belly on both sides, and turned the flap upon
 ' his breast, which the holy man feeling, put his
 ' left hand upon his bowels, and looking on his
 ' bloody hand, laid it down by his side ; and lift-
 ' ing up his right hand, he crossed himself, saying
 ' three times *Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, Mercy!* This I am
 ' a witness of, for my hand was on his forehead.
 ' Whilst he was thus calling upon *Jesus*, the butcher
 ' did pull a piece of his liver out instead of his
 ' heart,

' heart, and was tumbling his guts out every way,
 ' to see if his heart were not amongst them ; then
 ' with his knife he raked in the body of the happy
 ' man, whose eyes, nose and mouth run over with
 ' blood and water. His patience was admirable,
 ' and when his tongue could no longer pronounce
 ' that life-giving name *Jesu*, his lips moved, and
 ' his inward groans gave signs of those lamentable
 ' torments which for more than half an hour he bore.
 ' A gentlewoman understanding he did yet live,
 ' went to Cancola the sheriff, who was her uncle's
 ' steward, and on her knees besought him to see jus-
 ' tice done, and to put him out of his pain, who,
 ' at her request commanded to cut off his head ;
 ' then with a knife they did cut his throat, and
 ' with a cleaver chopped off his head. Then was
 ' his heart found and put upon a spear, and shewed
 ' to the people, and so thrown into the fire, which
 ' was upon the side of a hill. From ten o'clock
 ' in the morning till four in the afternoon did
 ' the misguided mob, stay on the hill, where they
 ' sported themselves at football with his head, and
 ' put sticks in his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth,
 ' and then they buried it near to the body, for
 ' they durst not set it upon their gate, because
 ' the last before, which was long since martyr'd
 ' amongst them, (Mr. John Cornelius Mohun,
 ' *Anno Dom.* 1594) they set up his head upon their
 ' town gate, and presently there ensued a plague,
 ' which cost many of them their lives ; so that
 ' they still fear, yet will not amend.'

The established clergy of those days being mostly fanatics, we need not be much surprised at reading of some of them issuing forth from the churches after service in the country parts of England, dressed in their surplices, and at the head of their congregations, going in quest of Priests to suspected places. But after the misfortunes of Charles terminated on the scaffold, the clergy became still more enthusiastic, and the unhappy Catholics of course were persecuted without any mercy or remission. It is a melancholy subject to contemplate; however, I only hold the mirror up to fill my readers with sympathetic feelings—to shew them what a depth of frailty human nature can sink into—as well as to protect them from similar weaknesses, and raise them superior to prejudice against any being, on whom the sacred image of the living God is impressed. I shall no longer dwell on such butcheries: but beg leave to call the attention of my readers to a circumstance worthy the admiration of angels. Out of all those who fell victims to the rigours of the times, there was not a single individual, either clergy or laity, but might have saved his life, and be well provided for also, had he reformed to the established church. Mercy was offered to them all—even under the gibbets, temptations were held out to them; but as they considered it criminal to accept of life on such terms, they all preferred death; and what is more, they all seemed to take delight in their sufferings. Theophilus was perfectly right in his observation
that

that "they panted after martyrdom;" but as to the justice of gratifying them therein, I shall refer that to the judgment of my readers. To shew what an ardent desire some of those Priests had for suffering such deaths, the following account of a Mr. Heath will suffice. Hearing in Doway that seven Priests were convicted in England, and in daily expectation of receiving their sentence, he sent them a letter, from which I have taken the following passage:—

‘ O ye most glorious men ! most noble friends,
 ‘ and most courageous soldiers of Christ Jesus! ——
 ‘ How great is my unhappiness, that I am not permitted to come to you, that I may be partaker of
 ‘ your chains, and offer myself to be consumed with
 ‘ that ardent love of Jesus Christ, which in your trials hath made you so constant and so victorious
 ‘ over human fears.——O good Jesus! what is the
 ‘ crime I am guilty of, for which I am not permitted to enjoy your company, seeing there is no
 ‘ thing in this world I desire more? nor indeed is
 ‘ it possible that any thing can satisfy me, so long
 ‘ as I am kept from you. Wherefore I humbly
 ‘ beseech you, for the love of God, to pray for
 ‘ me, that I may come to you, and never be separated from you.’ He likewise wrote for his Provincial’s consent, that he might go on the mission. This letter runs much in the same strain as the former. ‘ Alas! most dear Sir, says he, I only require
 ‘ this, your obedientials; after this, nothing stays
 ‘ me; if I can get your consent but in one word,
 ‘ I will not endure to be kept from you a moment’s
 ‘ time.

‘time. Tho’ I am unfit, and quite unworthy to
 ‘suffer for Christ, yet I pray our benign Lord may
 ‘inspire you to hasten your consent! and I shall
 ‘eternally remain your poor child.’

His provincial after some objections, yielded at length to his entreaties; so he took leave of his convent. At Dunkirk he procured a taylor to metamorphose his friar’s weeds into a coat, waistcoat, and breeches; and to turn his capuche into a kind of sailor’s cap, in which he sewed up some writings in defence of his religion. A German gentleman paid for his passage to England; and on his landing, he made all the haste he possibly could to London, where he arrived pennyless and much fatigued, as indeed well he might, having travelled barefoot forty miles that day, and it being the winter season. As he had neither money nor friends, he knew not what to do. At length he went into the Star-inn, near London-bridge, but he was soon turned out of doors as he had no money. It was now eight o’clock, and the night piercing cold. He walked about the streets for some time, and lay down in a place of some shelter at a citizen’s door, where sleep soon came to his relief. This respite however he did not long enjoy: the owner of the house, on going to his door, stumbled on him, and taking him to be a footpad, seized him, and sent off immediately for a constable. On examining him, the writings were discovered in his cap, and he was conveyed to the Compter. Next morning

morning he was examined before the Lord Mayor, and on his confessing himself a priest he was sent to Newgate. In some time afterwards he was examined by a committee of the house of commons, to whom he also acknowledged he was a priest. He was asked on what intent he came to England? He answered 'I came on a lawful and commendable business—the conversion of my countrymen, whether Protestants, Puritans, Anabaptists, or Brownists.'

A Scotchman in the pontificate of Ganganelli lamented that so many souls should go to the Devil through the means of the pope and his cardinals. He therefore formed a resolution not only of converting the pope but the whole conclave also, to the kirk of Scotland. With this view he left Scotland and arrived safe in Rome. Here he waited for an opportunity of meeting the pope and cardinals, which shortly after happened at a great festival in the Church of St Peter. The Scotchman repaired there, and getting as near the pope as possible, without any preface told him the purport of his mission, and that he was *Antichrist* and the *Whore of Babylon*, and commanded him in the name of the Lord to renounce his abominations. Ganganelli was a christian and a philosopher; he thanked the poor man for all the trouble he had been at on his account, and after generously rewarding him, took care of his person till he sent him safe back to Scotland.

Poor Heath though his intentions were as good, was treated very differently from this Scotchman. He was immediately tried and convicted; and in some time after ordered for execution. He suffered with fortitude at Tyburn, April 17, 1643.—After being hanged he was bowelled and quartered. His quarters were fixed on four gates of the city, and his head on London-bridge.

Oh that my pen could consign to oblivion the causes of those persecutions I deplore! The *oppressors* and the *oppressed* have long since ceased to be; and with their lives terminated all the little passions of their hearts. At best *man is full of misery*, and his time is but a *moment*! Ah why then are we so fond of contracting that *moment*!—of exaggerating that *misery*! We complain that our afflictions are heavy and we too often repine at the decrees of Providence; yet we are tormenting each other, and planting our ways with thorns. To-morrow-next-day Theophilus, the Bishop of Cloyne, and unhappy Amyas, whose hand now guides the pen, will experience mortality and mingle with the dust: for the short time, therefore, we have to remain here, let us endeavour to do good to our fellow creatures, by making their sorrows sit light upon their hearts. By such means we will secure most effectually an happy passage to that country “where the wicked “shall cease from troubling, and where the wearied “shall find rest.”

A
L E T T E R

T O

DANIEL TOLER, Esq.

RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF THE

REV. NICHOLAS SHEEHY,

&c. &c. &c.

J. H. T. E. R.

DAVID J. T. E. R.

RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF THE

NICHOLAS SHEPHERD

L E T T E R

T O

D A N I E L T O L E R, Esq.

S I R,

AS you were high sheriff of the county Tipperary, when the unfortunate Mr. Sheehy suffered, I must take the liberty of addressing this letter to you on the subject; to which I am more particularly led, in consequence of your declaration some time since in the senate of the nation, relative to the justice of his fate. However, I would not wish you would conceive the most distant idea that I intend to cast any reflection whatever on your character. Your existence, Sir, at this day, perhaps, is the best proof of your innocence of his blood; for indeed, I might now truly say, that out of all his persecutors there is not an individual but has visited that bourne from whence no traveller

returns. Be assured, Sir, no man can be less superstitious than I am ; though I firmly believe a superior Being regards the actions of men—and I firmly believe that there is an hereafter. Did Providence resign this world to chance, revealed religion could never stand its ground ; and all the writings and preachings of divines would be vain. But as the finger of God is so frequently legible, we trace proofs in its progress of his existence and attributes, not less demonstrative than those of sacred writ, or the universal voice of nature.

That persecution for religious principles must be abominable to the Deity, appears from the simple information of common sense :—That he has warned the English nation against the profusion of blood which was shed on that account, is equally evident : This I shall now prove by indubitable authorities.

The commencement of persecution in England was in the year 1577. The first victim was a bookseller, of the name of Roland Jenks. He was tried in Oxford, and sentenced to have his ears nailed to the pillory, and to deliver himself by cutting them off with his own hands. This remarkable event is recorded by the most creditable Protestant historians. It is to be met with in Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, and in Fuller's Church History. I shall give it here in the words of Mr. Wood, Protestant historian of the University of Oxford,

Oxford, as translated from his *Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis*, l. 1. p. 294.

‘ It was ordered, therefore, in the convocation
 ‘ held on the 1st of May, 1577, that the criminal
 ‘ (Roland Jenks) should immediately be apprehended; and being put in irons, should be sent
 ‘ up in order to be examined before the Chancellor
 ‘ of the University, and the Queen’s Council. In
 ‘ the mean time all his goods are seized, and in his
 ‘ house are found bulls of popes, and libels reflecting
 ‘ upon her Majesty. He was examined at
 ‘ London in presence of the persons aforesaid, and
 ‘ then was sent back to Oxford, there to be kept
 ‘ in prison till the next assizes, which began on the
 ‘ 4th of July in the Old Hall in the Castle Yard,
 ‘ and lasted for two days.

‘ He was brought to the bar, and arraigned for
 ‘ high crimes and misdemeanors; and being found
 ‘ guilty, was condemned by a sentence in some
 ‘ manner *capital*; for he was to lose his ears. At
 ‘ which time (though my soul dreads almost to relate it) so sudden a plague invaded the men that
 ‘ were present (the great crowd of people, the violent heat of the summer, and the stench of the
 ‘ prisoners, all conspiring together; and, perhaps,
 ‘ a poisonous exhalation breaking suddenly at the
 ‘ same time out of the earth) that you might say,
 ‘ *Death* itself sat on the bench; and, by her definitive sentence, put an end to all the causes—
 ‘ For great numbers immediately dying upon the
 ‘ spot,

' spot, others struck with death, hastened out of the
 ' court as fast as they could, to die within a very few
 ' hours. A mournful ditty was shortly after pub-
 ' lished by a young university man, which, for
 ' brevity sake I shall omit. But it may not be
 ' amiss to set down the names of the persons of
 ' greatest note, who were seized by that plague,
 ' and breathed out their souls. These were Sir
 ' Robert Bell, chief baron of the Exchequer, and
 ' Nicholas Barham, serjeant at law, both great
 ' enemies of the Popish religion; which, perhaps,
 ' the Romanists will lay hold on as an argument
 ' for their cause: But I desire them to remember,
 ' not to search too narrowly into the secret judg-
 ' ments of God, when we are at a loss to account
 ' even for those things which the Almighty has re-
 ' vealed in holy writ. To the above-named must
 ' be added, Sir Robert Doyley, the high sheriff
 ' of Oxford, Mr. Hart, his deputy, Sir William
 ' Babington, Messieurs Doyley, Wenman, Dan-
 ' vers, Fettyplace and Harcourt, justices of the
 ' peace; Kirley, Greenwood, Nash, and Foster,
 ' gentlemen: To whom are to be joined, to say
 ' nothing of others, almost all the jurymen, who
 ' died within two days.'

He adds, out of the register of Merton College,
 the following account of the symptoms of this
 strange disease.

' Some getting out of bed, (agitated with I
 ' know not what fury from their distemper and
 ' pain)

' pain) beat and drive from them their keepers
 ' with sticks ; others run about the yards and
 ' streets like madmen ; others jump head foremost
 ' into deep waters.——The sick labour with a most
 ' violent pain, both of the head and stomach :
 ' They are taken with a phreszy ; are deprived
 ' of their understanding, memory, sight, hearing,
 ' and other senses. As the disease encreases, they
 ' take nothing , they get no sleep, they suffer none
 ' to tend or keep them ; they are always wonder-
 ' fully strong and robust, even in death itself ; no
 ' complexion or constitution is spared ; but the
 ' choleric are more particularly attacked by this
 ' evil, of which the physicians can neither find
 ' the cause nor cure. The stronger the person is,
 ' the sooner he dies. Women are not seized by it,
 ' nor the poor, neither does any one catch it that
 ' takes care of the sick, or visits them. But as this
 ' disease was strangely violent, so it was but of a
 ' short continuance ; for within a month it was
 ' over.'

So dreadful a judgment—so obvious an inter-
 ference of the wrath of God, we should naturally
 suppose would discourage such persecutions. But
 the ferocity of prejudice had then arose to a de-
 gree that could not be restrained by the admonitions
 of the Eternal himself. The subterfuge ever re-
 sorted to on similar occasions,—*plots* and *treasons*—
 furnished every gibbet in the kingdom with victims.
 That historians have not been more explicit with
 respect

respect to such impositions, we need not be surprized. From the temper of those unhappy times, impartiality was not to be expected; and unfortunately, late historians have collected much of their materials from the very men who took an active part in the scenes they recorded. But historians should remember, that was not an age of candour or liberality; and they should receive with caution political fabrications. Remote as the times are, and clouded as they were with ignorance, by weighing circumstances, probability, and the contradictory accounts of transactions, by contemporary writers, even on the popular side of the subject, and drawing proper inferences, I am persuaded a different history of England might be produced from any yet published; and though this would be attended with much toil, application, and labour, I really think the sale of such a work would compensate any gentleman of adequate abilities; for an impartial history of England is much wanted: And I venture now to predict, though I shall not live to read it, that a work of such complexion will yet appear.

I did intend entering more fully on those plots, to prove that there was a *systematical likeness* in them all—to prove that the Munster plot of 1762 was *hatched* by the same *principles*. I have changed my mind, however, and will confine myself to Shaftesbury's plot, (better known by Titus Oates's plot) which was set on foot in the year 1678, and occasioned a most bloody persecution of the unfortunate

fortunate Catholics, notwithstanding their services to the house of Stewart. This, like former conspiracies, was apparently laid for the *destruction of the Protestant religion*, by the leading members of administration; but in reality for the extirpation of the Catholics. I am happy it occurred in an age, when a ray of philosophy precludes a possibility of mistaking the authors. Here I recommend to my readers, to consult on this subject, all the enlightened protestant authors who have written on it, viz. Sir Roger L'Estrange, Mr. Echard, Mr. Salmon, Mr. Higgons, the continuator of Baker's Chronicle, Hume, Carte, and Bishop Burnet, who, in the first volume of the History of his own Times, p. 230, says, 'I have given a full account of all errors during this time (of Oates's plot) with the more exactness, to warn posterity from falling into the like excesses.' And 'the shedding of so much blood upon such doubtful evidence, was like to prove fatal to him, who drove all those things on with the greatest fury—I mean the Earl of Shaftsbury himself.' Hear also the continuator of Baker: 'That this plot was a wicked forgery and imposture, is, I believe, little doubted at present by thinking unprejudiced men.' And Hume very justly observes—'It were better for the credit of the English nation, to bury it in eternal oblivion; yet, it is in other respects, necessary to perpetuate the memory of it, as will to preserve the truth of history, as to warn, if possible, our posterity, and

‘ all mankind never again to fall into so shameful
‘ and barbarous a delusion.’

The character of Oates and his associates were so abominable, that L’Éstrange tells us, ‘ their souls
‘ were scarce blacker after the perjury than they
‘ were before it.’ Bishop Burnet says Oates was once
‘ presented for perjury, and was dismissed from his
‘ chaplaincy in one of the king’s ships, on account
‘ of unnatural practices.’ He also says, ‘ he asked
‘ Oates, what were his reasons for going over to the
‘ church of Rome?’ He answered him, ‘ God and
‘ his holy angels knew, that he had never changed
‘ religion, but that he went over to them (the Ca-
‘ tholics) on purpose to betray them.’ The Bishop
adds, ‘ which gave me such a character of him,
‘ that I could have no regard to any thing he ei-
‘ ther said or swore after that.’ The continuator
of Baker says, ‘ though he had worn the habit
‘ of a Clergyman, he was a fellow of a most in-
‘ famous life.’

The plot being *hatched* by Shaftsbury, this
wretch was engaged as an evidence. Sir Edmund-
bury Godfrey, as a magistrate, took his exami-
nations. Harris says, ‘ few men lived on better
‘ terms with the Papists;’ and Hume, ‘ he gave
‘ them little or no offence in taking Oates’s deposi-
‘ tions.’ However, this Godfrey was afterwards
found murdered in a field near London, with his
own sword sticking in his body. Hume seems to have
believed that he was murdered by the contrivance
of

of Shaftsbury ; and he says, finding it impossible to account for the murder of Godfrey by the machinations of the Papists, ‘ some writers do not scruple to affirm, that it was Shaftsbury and the heads of the popular party, who perpetrated the deed, in order to throw the odium of it on Papists.’

Great rewards were now offered ; or, to speak in the language of Burnet, *great hire to purchase witnesses* was tendered ; and all who were cast, were offered their lives and rewards if they would accuse innocent persons. By torture, one Prance was led to give evidence, which he afterwards declared was false. Five Jesuits were hanged together, to whom a pardon was sent to the gallows, in which it was expressed, that ‘ the King most graciously, and out of his inclination to clemency, hath granted them their lives, which by treason they had forfeited, upon condition they would acknowledge the conspiracy, and lay open what they knew thereof.’ They all thanked his Majesty, but persisted in their innocence, by which they were *unqualified* for receiving an act of mercy, and were accordingly hanged and quartered. Mr. Langhorn, a lawyer, was the next who suffered. ‘ At his trial, (says Hume) the popular rage mounted to such a pitch, that his witnesses, in approaching the court, were almost torn to pieces by the rabble. A woman declared, unless the court could afford her protection, she durst not give evidence. But as the judges could go

' no farther than promise to punish such as should
 ' injure her, the prisoner had the humanity to wave
 ' her testimony. When the verdict was given
 ' against him, the audience expressed their savage
 ' joy by loud acclamations.' At the place of ex-
 ' ecution, this gentleman declared, ' I have had
 ' not only a pardon, but also great advantages, as
 ' to preferments and estates offered unto me, since
 ' this judgment was against me, in case I would
 ' have forsaken my religion, and owned myself
 ' guilty of the crime charged against me, and
 ' charged the same crime upon others: But blessed
 ' be my God, who by his grace hath preserved
 ' me from yielding to those temptations, and
 ' strengthened me rather to choose this death, than
 ' to stain my soul with sin, and to charge others
 ' against truth, with crimes of which I do not
 ' know that any person is guilty.'

We are hardly to be surprised at the popular
 prejudices when we read in Salmon's Review,
 ' Such was the general persuasion of the reality of
 ' Oates's plot, and of a design formed by the
 ' Papists to massacre all such Protestants as refused
 ' to be reconciled to Rome, that almost any evi-
 ' dence was sufficient to convict a Catholic; and
 ' nothing was thought a hardship on those who
 ' were accused of the plot. The denying them
 ' all opportunities of making their defence, or of
 ' summoning their witnesses, was now held ex-
 ' tremely equitable, and the people were almost
 ' worked up into an opinion, that it was law-
 ' ful

'ful to knock any one on the head who was
 'called a Papist, whilst the infamous characters
 'of Oates and Bedloe were not suffered to be
 'touched upon.' And Mr. Hume says 'Oates
 'had a pension of 1200l. *per annum* settled on
 'him, with a guard for the preservation of his
 'person; and was by every one applauded and
 'called the *Saviour of the nation*; and the com-
 'mons made Bedloe (whom in another place he
 'says was more infamous, *if possible*, than Oates)
 'a present of 500l. and particularly recommended
 'the care of his safety to the Duke of Monmouth.'
 It was even dangerous for a counsellor or a judge
 to cross question them on trials; for on Bedloe's
 confessing that he swore falsely against two priests
 who had been hanged, Judge Wylde (according
 to Burnet) told him, 'he was a perjured man,
 'and ought to come no more into court, but to go
 'home and repent; this was passed over as if it
 'was of no weight, and the Judge was turned out
 'for his plain freedom.' The same author says,
 that he himself spoke to the Earl of Shaftsbury in
 favour of a Mr. Staley, whose life was falsely
 sworn away by those profligate wretches; but the
 Earl could not bear the discourse, and replied, 'we
 'must support the evidence; and all those who un-
 'dermined the credit of the witnesses, were to be
 'looked upon as public enemies.'

For this plot about sixteen Priests were hanged,
 quartered, &c. with a number of laymen. The
 venerable Lord Stafford in the 68th year of his
 age,

age, died on Tower-hill for the same. Take the following account from Mr. Hume of his conduct in his last moments.—‘ On the scaffold he continued with reiterated, and earnest, asseverations to make protestations of his innocence. He solemnly disavowed all those immoral principles, which over-zealous Protestants had ascribed without distinction to the church of Rome; and he hoped, he said, that the time was now approaching when the present delusion would be dissipated; and that the force of truth, though late, would engage the world to make reparation to his injured honour.’ Indeed, according to the same author, that time seemed already to have commenced:—‘ For the populace who had exulted at his trial and condemnation, were now melted into tears at the sight of that tender fortitude which shone forth in each feature, motion, and action, of this aged noble. Their profound silence was interrupted only by sighs and groans. With difficulty they found speech to assent to those protestations of innocence which he frequently repeated.—We believe you, my Lord!—God bless you, my Lord!—These expressions, with a faltering accent flowed from them. The executioner himself was touched with sympathy; twice he lifted up the ax, with intent to strike the fatal blow, and as often felt his resolution to fail him. A deep sigh was heard to accompany his last effort, which laid Stafford for ever at rest. The whole spectators seemed to feel the blow. Pity, remorse

‘ remorse and astonishment, had taken possession of
 ‘ every heart, and displayed itself in every counte-
 ‘ nance.’

Bishop Burnet, speaking of the reward which was offered on this occasion, to any one who would make *further discoveries*, very properly says, ‘ it
 ‘ was a new and indecent practice to offer so much
 ‘ money to men that should merit it by swearing ;
 ‘ as it might be too great an encouragement to
 ‘ perjury.’ He also gives us to understand some books were published to reconcile the people to the *denials of the sufferers*, written by established divines : these went to prove, ‘ that lying for a
 ‘ good cause was lawful in the church of Rome.’ But he adds, that ‘ the behaviour and last words
 ‘ of the prisoners made impressions which no books
 ‘ could carry off ;’ and he also says that ‘ some of
 ‘ his own church complained of these books as in-
 ‘ decent and inhuman,’ notwithstanding that prejudices were so strong, that a peer, speaking of the exclusion bill, said, ‘ he would not have so much
 ‘ as a popish man or popish woman to remain at
 ‘ court ; not so much as a popish *dog* or a popish
 ‘ *bitch* ; not so much as a popish *cat* to pur or mew
 ‘ about the king.’ And what is more extraordinary, observes Mr. Hume, this speech met with praise and approbation.

Now, Mr. Toler, I have so far proceeded on the authorities of Protestant writers, on a transaction similar to the Munster plot, for which Mr.
 Sheehy

Sheehy and others suffered death. You must now give me leave to state some facts, by way of parody, which are in my own recollection, and well known to every gentleman of information, who lived in the county Tipperary at that period.

The Roman Catholics, imprudently at such a time, made great exertions at a contested election, in favour of a gentleman, whose mild principles conciliated their affections. This, perhaps, they were the more induced to, through resentment to some intolerant gentlemen, who were in opposition to their favourite, and avowed enemies to their profession. Some time after an affidavit was made, by whom I know not, that *four French officers* had landed in the west of Ireland. These *four officers*, it was given out, came over here to raise a rebellion, and to get all the Protestants in the kingdom massacred. At this time, it became fashionable for gentlemen, immediately in the scene designed for action, to take in and annex to their estates, large tracts of land, which lay in commonage for time immemorial; perhaps this was done on the same principle that the Lords Justices formerly acted. You need not be informed, Mr. Toler, that land situated near commonage, sets dearer on that account; and the poor people who had taken such land, on being deprived of the Deodands, which induced them to take it, naturally felt so glaring a violation of justice as a grievance, and having had some nocturnal meetings, they levelled the fences;
and.

and I highly applaud them for their spirit in so doing, and assure you, Mr. Toler, had I been in their situation, as legal redress was out of the question, I would have acted in the same manner they did : From prostrating those fences they were called *Levellers*, and afterwards, from wearing their shirts outside their cloaths, to disguise themselves, they were called *White-boys*. And this was the whole of what furnished matter for the *Munster plot*—and which, in my opinion, entitles it to a place under the head—**GREAT EVENTS** from *Little Causes*.

Reports at this time were industriously circulated, that ‘all the Papists in the kingdom had privately agreed to rise on a night prefixed, to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom.’ In order to support this idea, the houses of the Protestants in Waterford, Kilkenny and other places were chalked in the night, in order to alarm them, by letting them see they were marked out as victims of assassination. The affidavit which was made, relative to the four French officers, and the report of the intended massacre, were, in the minds of the people, corroborated by this last circumstance of marking the Protestants’ doors. Confidence was now destroyed between subject and subject, and general confusion followed. The citizens of Dublin prepared for the dreadful attack. On the evening preceding the *fatal* night, some citizens took a last farewell, as they thought, of their dearest friends. Others flew to arms, and sat up the whole night,

expecting every instant the awful signal. Though disappointed, still the tools of the persecuting party kept up the alarm by anonymous letters. One letter was sent to the Mayor and Corporation of Limerick, 'threatening to make the streets of that city flow with Protestant blood.' For the author of this a reward of 500*l.* was offered. Such a sum soon discovered him; and he was found to be one of the most zealous tools of the persecutors; and the incendiary was suffered to make his escape, on account of his connections. The terrors of the threatened massacre, however, did not subside on the discovery of this miscreant. Kilkenny and Waterford were in an uproar. In the latter place the Protestant inhabitants assembled frequently in the town house, completely armed; and sat up a whole night. They also entered into a resolution, and publicly avowed it, 'that upon the least stir being made by any of the Papists, they would sally forth, and destroy them all by way of prevention.'

Thus was every engine at work to raise groundless fears in the minds of the people, for more than two years, when several gentlemen who lived in and about Clonmel were marked out for destruction, in the list of whom was the present Lord Dunboyne. Had his Lordship been hanged and quartered at that time, (I must observe *en passant*) the church of England would have lost a *valuable member* at the present day, and a young lady a most *affectionate husband*. Amongst some poor wretches

wretches who were treated with *for evidence*, was a drivelling begging ideot. Though what they call a half-fool, he was much disliked for some little thefts he had been guilty of. He was a foundling, and took his name from the bridge on which he had been left exposed. He grew up a beggar, and I often gave him a charity. Perhaps, for want of education, his little reason took a wrong bent. However, as he had scarce a perfect association of two ideas, his evidence could not be admitted in any court of justice. But it was not his evidence that was wanted by the gentlemen who took notice of him, and who pretended he gave them very important information. The scheme was dark and deep layed, and unfolded the counterpart of Shaftsbury's plot. Both plots were coloured with murder—the one was fictitious but the other real. It appeared, Sir, on the trial of the unhappy priest, by the testimony of two friends to this Bridge, (persons of good character, whose veracity was not questioned) that ‘ a few days before he disappeared, he told them in confidence, ‘ he was going to quit the kingdom, and took leave ‘ of them, requesting they would keep his departure secret.’ Accordingly he disappeared, and a report of his murder, shortly after was propagated. The grand jury and high sheriff of the county Tipperary also published an advertisement, setting forth, that ‘ whereas John Bridge was missing, and supposed to be murdered; they did ‘ thereby promise a reward of 50l. to any person

‘ who should discover, within twelve calendar months, any person or persons concerned in the said act.’

I might observe on this occasion, as Bishop Burnet observed before, that this was *great hire to purchase witnesses* ; and could not fail, at such a time, to produce the desired effect. The prostration of ditches was the only *offence*, the White-boys were guilty of ; and that was an *offence* which my active spirit and humanity would have led me to second, had I been a private gentleman. ‘ The very head and front of their offending had that extent—no more.’ Nor were the Catholics the only description of persons concerned therein ; for we read in the London Gazette, ‘ that persons of different persuasions were concerned in them ; and ‘ that not the least mark of disaffection to government appeared in any class of these people.’

The Rev. Mr. Nicholas Sheehy was the first marked out for destruction. Your predecessor, Mr. Toler, peace now to his manes ! was very active against him. For a considerable time Mr. Sheehy was obliged to secrecy for the protection of his person. He well knew from the temper of his persecutors, that certain death would have been his portion, were he to be tried at Clonmel. He, therefore, conscious of his own innocence, could not be deterred by the reward held out to those who should purchase it by swearing against him, but wrote to the Lord Lieutenant’s secretary, ‘ of-
fering

‘fering to deliver himself up, provided he might
 ‘take his trial in Dublin, and not in Clonmel, where
 ‘his enemies were so powerful, they could do with
 ‘him as they pleased.’ The secretary pledged himself he should be tried in Dublin; and Sheehy on that surrendered, stood his trial, and was acquitted. However, he was not liberated. A new charge was brought against him for the murder of Bridge, who was sent out of the way, as I before related; and has been seen by many since in Newfoundland. Mr. Sheehy now saw evidently that he was deceived by the secretary. He was satisfied to stand a trial any where but in Clonmel, near which he was parish priest; for he well knew the influence that would be exerted against him. However, thither he was transmittted, contrary to the faith of the secretary. He entered the town, surrounded by his enemies, and their tenantry in arms. He was now at their mercy, and he conducted himself with fortitude and composure. To expose his person, they made him travel on horse-back, with his arms pinioned, and his feet chained under the horse’s belly. In jail, he was double bolted, and treated in every respect with rigour. Here I shall now leave him for a while to treat of the characters of those on whose testimony he was convicted.

I shall begin with the principal, John Toohey, who had been double bolted in the jail of Kilkenny, for horse stealing, about a month, when hearing of
 the

the reward for good swearers, and having little hopes of life, as there were home proofs against him, he said he knew a great deal relative to Sheehy. This soon reached the ears of Mr. Bagwell, Sir Thomas Maud, and Lord Carrick, who visited him. He was sent to Dublin to prosecute Mr. Sheehy, and from thence to Clonmel, where he was confined for a short time, and then suffered to walk about the streets, with a lock on one of his legs. In a few days after, this lock was taken off, and he got an elegant suit of new cloaths from head to foot, which were bought for him at a Mr. George Lloyd's in West-street. I remember the coat was a superfine blue cloth, and the waistcoat and breeches black silk. His company was sought after, and his *lesson* often repeated. In short, he was for some time before the trial as much venerated by a party as ever Titus Oates was. In the course of the trial he was asked who gave him the new cloaths? He answered, his uncle, who being in court, was examined, and denied it. I must do justice to *his employers*, to say they religiously kept their words with him, for he was never brought to any trial for the horses he had stolen in the county Kilkenny, but suffered to go where he pleased after he performed the *dirty work*. He survived Mr. Sheehy but a few years, and died of a leprosy which spread all over his body. Before he was afflicted with this disorder, his *good friends* had the mortification to hear, (as those of Oates and Bedloe had formerly) a Judge on the bench (Mr. Prime Serjeant) pronounce him perjured, and desired

desired the jury to give no credit to his evidence. In consequence of this laudable conduct of the Judge, Roger Sheehy, who stood indicted for high treason, was acquitted.

The next to be mentioned in order, was a common prostitute, Mary Dunlea, alias Brady, a woman of a most infamous character. She was kept in the barracks of Clonmel, for some time previous to the trial; where she was well attended. She got elegant cloaths, and her table was furnished from the first tavern in the town—the Spread-eagle, kept at that time by the widow Corbett. While in the barracks, one of the light horse men of the name of Brady, took up with her. It was said they were married; at least she went by his name. After the trial she took up with Toohy; but the vengeance of God pursued her for the perjuries she had been guilty of, and she actually died in a ditch near Kilkenny.

The third evidence was a boy, who went by the name of Lonergan; however, I believe his real name was Guynan, as he was reported to be the natural son, (by those who knew him in Clogheen) of a poor man of the name, who lived there. This young vagabond, from the first opening of his intellects seemed to be born for the gallows. He was a fit person, therefore, for the present occasion. He was kept in the barracks with Mary Dunlea, and was genteely dressed up, preparatory to the trial. In some time after the trial,

trial, this abandoned wretch came to Dublin. He took up his quarters in a cellar in Barrack-street, where the arm of the Lord smote him, and he was a mass of ulcers, from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. Mr. Terence M'Mahon, of Aungier-street, apothecary, was employed to attend him. This gentleman has often declared he never visited such a miserable object in his life. He covered his body with plaisters, to no purpose; the wretch died, and Mr. M'Mahon received for his trouble (I won't say from whom) twenty guineas. As soon as he received it he took it to his wife, and told her he got it for attending a wretch whom God had visited with a disorder, the like of which he had never met with in the course of his practice; and as he considered it a judgment for his falsely swearing away the life of Mr. Sheehy, he said he was loath to put it up with his money. His wife was shocked, and exclaimed, 'by no means pocket a halfpenny of it—lay it out for some article of plate.' He accordingly went out, and bought two cups for the twenty guineas, which are at present in the possession of his brother and successor, Mr. M'Mahon of Aungier-street.

Such were the persons whose evidence committed the ill-fated Sheehy into the hands of an executioner, whom eternal vengeance seems also to have pursued, as he was stoned to death some time after, in the county Kilkenny. But, infamous as these witnesses were, they could not be more so than

than Oates and Bedloe. You know well, Mr. Toler, that this is only a candid statement of facts, and if in aught I exaggerate, it is in your power to contradict me.

When the day of trial arrived, the town was as it were under martial law. Every avenue was guarded with Drogheda's light horse, and to get in or out was attended with difficulty and danger. All Mr. Sheehy's friends, who could attest his innocence, were noted in the *black list*, and accused of high treason. A Mr. Herbert (a Protestant) came to the assizes to give evidence in his behalf, but on Toohy's information, he was accused of high treason, and fled; but was afterwards seized by William Bagnell, Esq. and a party of light horse. Seeing the imminent danger he stood in, and being destitute of virtue or constancy, to save his own life he agreed *to make discoveries*. Thus were Mr. Sheehy's evidences intimidated, and thus was he deprived of the means of defending himself. Convinced of his fate his humanity led him, like a second Langhorn, to waive the testimony of many of his parishioners, whose evidence, however plain, he foresaw could answer no other end than to expose them to the malice of his persecutors. His mind was prepared for the awful verdict, which excited the huzzas of some in the court, and the tears of others; and he afterwards declared, such was his resignation, that his principal uneasiness at the moment was, lest the noise and confusion the verdict occasioned, might furnish an opportunity for falling on the people, under a pretence

that a rescue was attempted. Nor were his fears visionary, for the military were absolutely encouraged to outrage, inasmuch that it was perilous to go near the court.

After Mr. Sheehy was convicted, and received sentence of death, a cruel imposition was successfully played on him. A wretch went to confession to him, bribed no doubt for the purpose, and confessed he was the person who murdered Bridge. This appears from Mr. Sheehy's letter to John Sirr, Esq. written the day before he suffered.—‘To-morrow (he said) I am to be executed, thanks be to the Almighty God, with whom I hope to be for evermore. I would not change my lot with the highest now in this kingdom. I die innocent of the facts for which I am sentenced. The Lord have mercy on my soul.’ And again—‘I am now to appear before the divine tribunal, and declare that I never have spoke to, or seen, my prosecutors, before I saw them in the court of King's bench last February.’ In this letter he also mentioned, that he was informed, but in such a manner as he could not reveal it, that Bridge was strangled; but that the accusers and the accused were equally ignorant of the fact. Here, as I before observed, he must have been imposed on after his trial; for he produced witnesses to prove that Bridge was not murdered. This is no new method of entrapping credulous priests.

To the last Mr. Sheehy persisted in his innocence. It was owing, probably, to your humanity, Sir, that he hung till he was dead. However,
he

he might have saved his life had *he made discoveries*. But life, under such conditions, was no temptation. And I cannot but remark to you, Mr. Toler, that it was very absurd to suppose Mr. Sheehy would carry a dead body in a sack, before him on his horse, through the county Tipperary. The *tale* carried falsehood on its face. And as it was sworn he was so publicly buried, why was not his body found after being carefully sought for every where it was said to be deposited? You may say, how could one body, in a state of putrefaction or decay, be discovered from another? I answer, nothing was more easy than to distinguish his body. The circumstance of his cloven skull was sufficient to particularize him amongst a thousand.

Out of all those who were so active in spilling his blood, is there an individual living this day, Mr Toler? Will you account me superstitious for saying that this might be a judgment of God? The judge who tried him, instructed his prosecutors, and connected their zig-zag evidence. That judge is now no more. Sir Thomas Maud was the man who impanelled the jury, (who ever since were proverbially partial) need I tell you of the manner of his death—that his eyes dropped out of their sockets—that he died with execrations in his mouth—that the stench in his room was insupportable? Need I tell you the fate of William Bagnell—John Bagwell, Lord Carrick, &c.? Need I point out the many who fell victims to the Herodian distemper;

temper? Recollect, Mr. Toler, the names of the petit jurors and the manner of their deaths. Jonathon Willington, of Castlewillington, was one of them; as well as I can recollect he was a particular acquaintance of yours; do you remember he dropt dead in a necessary? Sandy Hoops was another; he was drowned in a ford, over which his servant passed with ease; Robert Going died suddenly; Edward Dawson was killed by his horse; an assistant in the cavalry, I forget his name, was thrown by his horse, and dragged dead into the town of Nenagh, with his leg fastened in the stirrup—a spectacle of horror. In short, Mr. Toler, all the jury are dead; and what is more extraordinary, they all got sudden deaths.

A little after Mr. Sheehy's execution, a special commission was issued for the trial of others who had been apprehended. At this commission, Messrs. Edmond Sheehy, James Buxton and John Farrel, were convicted. To dwell on the trial, or point out absurdities and inconsistencies, is unnecessary. All, I believe, that is necessary for me to observe, is, that after their execution, one of the prosecutors, of the name of Beere, publicly declared, 'that they were unjustly executed, and that
' nothing but the most imminent danger his own
' life was in, from the threatened oaths of false
' witnesses, could have prevailed on him to become
' an evidence.' This man, and Mr. Herbert, who was induced also to appear against them, from the
same

same motives, died in some time afterwards, of the disease they call a broken heart.

As all those who suffered for Oates's plot, died protesting their innocence, so did those also who were executed for the Munster plot. It is unnecessary I know to insert for your perusal, their dying declarations; you witnessed their last appeals to the tribunal of the eternal God, that they were perfectly innocent of all the crimes laid to their charge—you witnessed them, I say, Mr. Toler, at the awful hour of their death. However, as this letter will fall into other hands, and that it is necessary to perpetuate the 'memory of the transaction as a warning to posterity never to fall into so barbarous a delusion,' I shall give the speeches of Mr. Buxton and Mr. Farrell at large, particularly as they set the conduct of their persecutors in a light exactly similar to that of Shaftsbury and his brethren in iniquity.

The true, last, and Genuine Declaration of Mr. James Buxton, of Killcoran, in the county of Tipperary, who was executed for the murder of John Bridge, on Saturday the third of May, 1766.

‘ WHEREAS I, the said James Buxton, on my trial being arraigned, for aiding and assisting, at many very flagrant crimes, contrary to his Majesty’s law

law and dignity, since the first rise of the White-boys.

‘ 1st. As to the murder of John Bridge, I solemnly declare, in the presence of God, before whose holy tribunal I expect shortly to appear, that I neither consulted or advised, aided or abetted, or had the least knowledge of any thing, relative to the killing of the said John Bridge, nor did my prosecutor John Toohey.

By virtue of the aforesaid declaration, since I was born he never served me an hour; neither did I ever, to the best of my knowledge, lay my eyes on him, but one night on the 18th of September last; that night he lay at my house, and went by the name of Laurence O’Brien, but next morning he was pursued by one William O’Brien, from Clonmel, whom he had robbed of some cloaths, two days before, and was taken in Clogheen, for the same, when said O’Brien’s cloaths, and other things, were found upon him, for which he was committed to jail, where he turned approver; as to every other thing, that Michael Guinan, and the said John Toohey swore against me, I further solemnly, in the presence of my great God, declare, that I neither did any thing, or was at any meeting, or levelling, that they swore against me, but at Drumlemon, and, upon the word of a dying man, neither of the said two persons were there; neither was any man, to the best of my belief, that has either been taken up, or executed, any way concerned in the murder

murder of John Bridge, or any of the prosecutors that have yet appeared; though Thomas Beere (God forgive him) has sworn that he and I were within two yards of John Bridge when he was murdered by Edward Meighan, by a stroke of a bill-hook.

‘ 2dly. I again solemnly protest and declare, before my great God, that I never heard or learned of a rebellion intended in this kingdom, or ever heard, or seen any French officers, or French money, coming into it, or of merchants that ever supplied, or intended to supply such money; or that any allegiance was sworn, or intended to be sworn, to any prince whatsoever in this kingdom, but to his present Majesty King George. And further, I declare on my dying words, that I never knew, found out, discovered, or even imagined, that any massacre whatsoever, was intended against any person or persons in this kingdom: and I declare in the same words, and before the great God, that I positively believe, that if any of the foregoing treacherous conspiracies were to have been carried on, that I must have learned, or heard something of them.

3dly. That last Lent assizes at Kilkenny, where I stood indicted and arraigned for the battle of Newmarket, the Rev. John Hewson, and the Rev. Lawrence Brodrick, attacked me for six hours and more, setting forth, that whatever little chance I had for my life here, I had not any at Clonmel; that they would write to Lord Carrick immediately,

to procure my pardon, if I would turn approver, and swear the foregoing rebellion, treacherous conspiracy, and massacre, against the principal popish clergy and gentlemen of my country, whose names they had in a long piece of paper; but particularly wanted me to swear against 'Squire Wife, Phill Long, Dominick Farrell, Martin Murphy, Dr. Creagh, and Nicholas Lee; and that I should also swear the priest, Nicholas Sheehy, died with a lie in his mouth: likewise that I was at the battle of Newmarket, and received a letter from one Edmond Tobin to be at said battle, in order to corroborate the informer, Toohy's oath, and the oaths of three of the light-horse men, who swore they saw me there, one of whom in particular swore he broke his firelock on my head. Now as I expect salvation, I neither received a message, or letter, heard or found out, that this battle of Newmarket ever had been, until advertised: and I further declare before my great God, that I never was nearer the place they call Newmarket, than the turnpike road that leads from Dublin to Cork, for I never was two yards eastward of that road: and as to the constitutional schemes of the White-boys, as far as ever I found them out in the parish of Tubrid, where I lived, I most solemnly declare before God, that nothing was meant more, than the detecting of thieves, rogues, and robbers, which said parish was of late remarkable for, that the parishioners joined wherever they met any such roguery committed, and by whom, to report it instantly,

not

not to deal in tythe, with any but the dean or minister, and that the tythe was of his or their immediate living: as to levelling, I never found out any such thing committed in the said parish of consequence, but one ditch belonging to John Griffith; nor was I privy to any wall or ditch that ever was levelled by White Boys, in the county of Tipperary, or any other county. I also declare that I never approved of the proceedings of levellers, and that my constant admonition to every person whom I thought concerned in such vile practices, was to desist, that the innocent would suffer for the guilty at last. Given under my hand this 2d day of May, 1766.

JAMES BUXTON.'

Present.

EDMOND SHEEHY.

JAMES FARRELL.

N. B. This speech was delivered in the handwriting of Buxton, and witnessed by the other two criminals.

The Declaration of Mr. James Farrell, delivered at the Place of Execution to Mr. Butler, Sub-sheriff of the County of Tipperary; which was in his handwriting, and witnessed by the two other criminals.

' AS I am shortly to appear before the great God, where I expect, through the passion of our Redeemer, to be forgiven the many crimes and of-

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fences

fences, which I have committed against so great, and just a God—I now sincerely forgive the world in general, and, in particular, those that have been the means of wrongfully spilling my blood.

‘ 1st. The crime which I am to die for, is the murder of John Bridge. The swearing allegiance at Kilcaroon.

‘ 2dly. The burning of Joseph Tenison’s corn, John Fearise’s turf, and all other things that belonged to White Boys.

‘ 3dly. The battle of Newmarket, for which I stood trial in Kilkenny. Of these crimes with which I am impeached, I declare to the great tribunal, I am as innocent as the child unborn, in either counselling, aiding, assisting, or the knowledge thereof.

‘ I therefore think it conscionable to declare what the following gentlemen wanted me to do, in order to spill innocent blood (which was not in the power of any one) who are as follow, viz the Rev. John Hewson, John Bagwell, Matthew Bunbury, Mr. Towler, William Bagnell, Edmond Bagnell, and some of the light officers, who came along with me the day I was condemned from the court-house to goal, where they carried me into a room, and told me it was in my power to save my life : I asked them how? they answered that by swearing against the following persons, I would get my pardon, viz. Martin Murphy, Philip Long, both of Waterford, and some other merchants from
Cork,

Cork, Bishop Creagh, and Lord Dunboyne's brother, and many other clergymen; also James Neagle, Robert Keating, John Purcell, Thomas Dogherty, Thomas Long, John Baldwin, Thomas Butler of Grainge, Nicholas Lee, with others the gentlemen of the county, and responsible farmers, to have encouraged French officers to enlist men for the French service, to raise a rebellion in this kingdom, and to distribute French money. And in case they should get a person to do all these things, it would not do, without swearing to the murder of John Bridge, to agree with the rest of the informers, and to strengthen their evidence.

' 4thly. I solemnly declare to his divine Majesty, I was never present at the levelling of a ditch or wall in my life, nor was I at a meeting of any kind held by White Boys.

' 5thly. I likewise declare, I had neither hand or part, in bringing James Herbert from the county of Limerick; and also declare, to the best of my knowledge, he 'swore not one word of truth,' and in particular, what he swore against me, was undoubtedly false. The great God bless all my prosecutors, and all other persons, that had a hand in spilling my innocent blood, which the divine tribunal knows to be so. Given under my hand this 30th day of April, 1766.

JAMES FARRELL.'

Present,
JAMES BUXTON,
EDMOND SHEEHY.

Now,

Now, Mr. Toler, let me ask you which am I to pay most attention to, the declarations of men, in the moment of dissolution, who ever supported unsullied reputations, or the oaths of a capital offender—a common prostitute—a notorious vagabond—hired and rewarded for the purpose? As to Herbert and Beere, their own lives depended on their evidence; for Toohy declared he would prosecute them if they did not join him. And a fellow of the name of Broderick declared openly, and I believe in your presence, when going from Clonmel jail to transportation, ‘that two reverend gentlemen, whose names begin and end with the letters D—S and M—E, had tampered with several of his fellow prisoners, and particularly with him (who had been always a Protestant) to make them swear this plot against several innocent people.’ On the publication of this declaration, the *reverend*, *venerable*, and *holy* gentlemen, alluded to, inserted an advertisement in all the Dublin papers, solemnly affirming, that they did not know the person of that infamous convict Broderick; that they never held conversation with him for that base purpose; and that he did not profess the Protestant religion while in jail.’ You see here, Sir, a palpable contradiction; they asserted they *did not know* even his person; yet they *did know* he was not a Protestant, though he professed himself one. Such a *defence* criminated them more than Broderick’s declaration.

Gracious

Gracious God ! to what little artifices did the enemies of the unfortunate Catholics descend, to render them odious in the eyes of their Protestant brethren ! During the trials of those unhappy men who suffered in Clogheen, anonymous letters were dispersing about, as if written by Papists, threatening vengeance and blood. Amongst many others, one was sent to John Bagwell, Esq. which he produced in court, after a preface that inspired his auditors with horror, and steeled their hearts against the emotions of pity or humanity. The following is a verbatim copy of it, which must be read with different sentiments from what it originally occasioned :—

To JOHN BAGWELL, Esq.

‘ YOU parcell of heretick dogs, who have taken away Christian innocent lives, for which we will take an hundred for every one you take ; you took the head off our Bishop, who was to be Primate of all Ireland : but we have one elected in his place, and will Soon release their heads with some of yours,

I remain your enemy,

Shrivane Mescula.’

Can credulity itself suppose a Roman Catholic could write such a letter, though he were as ignorant as an African slave ? The idea is too absurd for a moment’s consideration. Nor does it redound

to

to the credit of his memory, who pretended to feel trepidation on perusing it. The *clown-foot* was covered by a tinsel glare that flies from common reason ; and we now read it as a pitiful attempt of a pitiful incendiary, to add fuel to a flame which had been already blazing but too powerful for the human understanding.

With respect to the characters of the sufferers, you know Mr. Toler, they were irreproachable. Even their greatest enemies have been obliged to confess that ‘ until this unfortunate affair, they ‘ were highly respectable, as they lived in afflu- ‘ ence and with reputation, associated with the ‘ gentlemen of their neighbourhood, with whom ‘ they lived in the highest hospitality, frequently ‘ receiving and returning visits. Their influence ‘ (it was added at the same time) must have been ‘ considerable, otherwise they could not have ‘ brought after them, and enlisted the number of ‘ people they did, who were regularly trained and ‘ exercised in the military way, with arms, by ‘ their own officers.’ But in the lapse of so many years as have intervened since that period, what circumstance has occurred that can invalidate an iota of their dying declarations, or corroborate one sentence of the evidence adduced against them ? If such numbers of people were enlisted for the French king to massacre the Protestants of Ireland, amongst them all could not an individual be found, to desert such an infamous cause, but the lowest dregs of the species ? Is human nature so bad—so consistent

consistent in iniquity? Or, if led by principle to the horrid deed, was their integrity so obstinate that great rewards could not shake it? In July 1767, previous to the trial of those who remained in custody for this treason, notice was given in the public news-papers, that ‘the sum of THREE HUNDRED POUNDS (the reward offered for prosecuting those who had suffered) HAD BEEN DULY PAID.’ In such a multitude, could not one be found, had the plot any basis, to be tempted by this invitation? Amongst the twelve apostles, there was one who hailed, kissed, and betrayed the God of heaven and earth for *thirty pieces of silver*; and can it be supposed that if there were so many traitors and rebels, *three hundred pieces of gold*, would not have brought hundreds to *repentance*? Not an individual came to assist the hardened Toohy, and all the prisoners were acquitted, to the very great mortification of their persecutors.

I have the misfortune at present to be in a very bad state of health, and little able to wade through an abundance of materials. However, though it is intended, as I am well informed, to prosecute me, should there be a *loop* for a prosecution to *hang on*, I am resolved, with God’s assistance, to publish a second edition of this letter to you, with great additions, should my health be reinstated. For the [principles contained in those Tracts, I can suffer with composure ;—I cannot possibly exist long, for I have

have been deprived of the means of existence ; and personal injury, which is all I have to dread from this, may save me—I tremble to mention it—from an act of desperation.

I have the consolation to think, should I be persecuted for the freedom with which I have delivered my sentiments, that the grave will be my certain and speedy asylum. Besides, persecution will insure an extensive circulation to the work, and, after I am dead, occasion it to be fought after with tenfold avidity. It is impossible to recal it ; and all I shall say of it is, that as I adhered, to the best of my judgment, to truth and justice, I feel myself superior to any consequence can attend it.

I am, Sir,

Your very Obedient

Humble Servant

AMYAS GRIFFITH.

F I N I S.